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Vol. CLXXXIII No. 2390 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 10 1945

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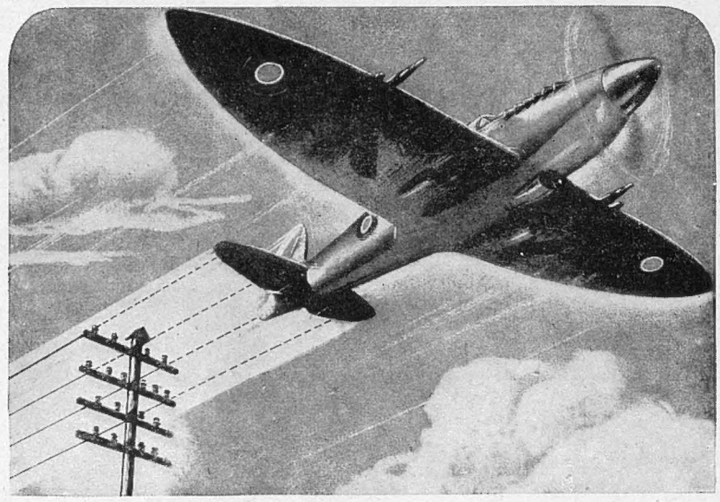

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Volume CLXXXIII No. 2390 The SPHERE, London, November 10, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE TRAGEDY OF A HOMELESS PEOPLE: GERMAN FAMILIES DRIVEN OUT OF THE EASTERN ZONES BY THE RUSSIANS WAIT WITH THEIR LUGGAGE ON A BERLIN RAILWAY STATION, for transportation on the next part of their journey

When, several years ago, Germany embarked on the ruthless policy of mass expulsions of millions of conquered peoples, no one in that country realised how soon the tables would be turned and how the fate that they had prepared for others would befall themselves. Now, homeless and almost penniless, tens of thousands of Germans are being pushed around from one zone into another: the majority of them are old and infirm, or young and helpless. They are flocking in hordes across the dividing lines between Russian and British zones. On Monday of this week it was announced that the Russians had further intensified the terrific problem by the expulsion of 1,000,000 more Germans "within forty-eight hours." The people seen in this picture had arrived in Berlin from the East: they were homeless, hopeless, destitute. With their few remaining belongings packed on to hand carts they had arrived at the end of one journey—and were at the beginning of another. Most of them do not know where they are going, or what will be their eventual fate; but all are waiting for the train to—somewhere

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

War Leaders and Parliamentary Grants.—Few people will quarrel with Mr. Attlee's announcement that Parliamentary grants of money will not be asked for, as rewards for the great commanders of the late war. (Naturally, Mr. Churchill took up the cudgels for his war commanders. Loyalty required it.) Such grants, Mr. Attlee rightly remarked, are no longer in tune with the times we live in. No one questions that Cunningham, Montgomery, Alexander and the rest deserve as well of their country as did Haig, Jellicoe and the rest; or that those last deserved as well as Nelson and Wellington, and those last as Marlborough, or, for that matter, that Churchill deserved as well as Chatham or Pitt. Indeed, perhaps Mr. Churchill himself has underlined the change of tune since 1919 by his own decisions since 1945. What has happened since then is a double change, economic and political. *Economic*, because the money grant was designed to establish a new noble family, to bolster up a new peerage, and to provide a great country house for it. But to-day Blenheims, and even Bemersides, are white elephants, and peerages are created on grounds rather of expediency, as compromises in the interregnum between an outworn hereditary system and something as yet unplanned to take its place. And money has ceased to have the meaning attached to it even in 1919. *Political*, because the late war was definitely pronounced a "People's War." Every man, woman and child were, in some sort pivots, not little cogs or mere pawns, in the awful game. And the fire-watcher or the street-saving organiser was (and was often told by his leaders that he was) as important as the highest commanders. Most of these high commanders are still young, and for years to come can be employed in important and highly remunerated jobs, and for the older ones there still exist many pleasant havens, comparatively sinecure, in which their King and country will delight to install them. It is a right decision. We must now, if ever, begin resolutely to discriminate between ancient precedents and traditions which are outworn and those which still retain their usefulness. Only by so doing shall we save those which may serve the country well in the future.

Meanness of Mr. Morrison.—While, therefore, I see nothing "mean" in the Premier's announced decision regarding money grants to war leaders, I confess to seeing incredible meanness in the Lord President's sneering reference at Birmingham to the British railways, induced apparently because his train was late in arriving. The sneer, in fact (and without the cloak of concealment), was simply Socialist propaganda to boost nationalisation and to run down private enterprise. What a queer example to choose! The railways have been State-controlled and State-obstructed for half-a-dozen years, and their services to the nation deserve a laurel wreath all to themselves. If trains are late to-day, it is because they are short of staffs and short of many other necessaries which it should be Mr. Morrison's job to supply them with. What a painful impression this ill-considered jibe and ill-considered item of party propaganda must have made on his Birmingham audience—Socialist though it was. Party propaganda is all very well—on the hustings. It is very unsuited to the public utterances of a Minister of the Crown in critical times; and with that view I think Mr. Attlee and Mr. Dalton would agree. Their conduct hitherto in office has subscribed to it, as has the conduct of some other members of the Government.

Dangers of Too Big a Majority.—The House of Lords is a "debating society" only. It is often a very good and even a useful one. But, shorn of its vital power, it can influence only, not check (beyond a brief time) risky legislation. The Lower House is, on paper, all-powerful. With too big a majority for the party in power, the "power" of the House of Commons may be very much "on paper." The Bank Bill debates were examples of how, with the certainty of big majorities, the Ministers responsible for contentious Bills will brush aside Opposition criticism somewhat dictatorially. At such times, the House of Commons takes on an unreal and certainly an undesirable guise. Debate becomes rather a conventional formality to be (by the Government at least) "got over" as swiftly as moderate politeness demands. The Conservatives, of course, had a long run of big majorities, and one felt the anomaly then as now. It is odd. The Upper House, overwhelmingly of the Right, has no real power. The Lower House, overwhelmingly of the Left, may destroy the usefulness of itself—as a House. A representative Chamber in a democracy must represent, as well as present, every shade of opinion.

Java.—Mallaby's murder was worse than a crime. It was a blunder, and one from which Britain may suffer even more grievously than by the death of a fine soldier. The rag-tag of a semi-literate and ill-organised national movement got beyond the control of its leader, as it always does; and British military intervention was inevitable even before advice could be sought from London. No doubt America will find fresh cause for criticism and Russia for suspicion. For ever, it seems, we are fated to pull other nations' chestnuts out of the fire. "Hostilities have ceased"; hostilities *never* cease.

Didcot Has It.—That sleepy junction connects me with my youth. Year after year I went through it to school and to Oxford; sampled it again when my son went to school. Culham, Radley, Wallingford, Abingdon, Sutton Courtney, Shillingford Bridge, and so on, the sweet symphony of place-names rings the bells of memory and youth. And Didcot, of all places, is to have its place in the history of the Atomic Age; and the religious and educational establishments which dot its once-wide stubbles under the low, clump-clad downs are to live in the fearful joy of atomic research. But there will be no risky explosions, and Mr. Attlee was advised by his scientists and passed on the news to Didcot; just as Ezra Jennings advised Mrs. Merridew in the great *Moonstone* experiment. And, anyway, Wallingford moves with the times. It wants work, and prefers employment with "negligible" risks to apathy and the dole. It has been ploughed for wheat and ploughed for aerodromes; and neither the farming nor the bombers brought it permanent security of work. So Wallingford has high hopes that the Atomic Age will solve its problems at last. And perhaps it will. Anyway, the mighty atom fills most of to-day's picture of life and sends premiers and scientists scurrying across continents and oceans to fix up some plan whereby this mighty atom can save civilisation and not destroy it, and solve the problems of Wallingford and the world.

Henry Ainley.—I for one never forget my debt to those great "servants of the public," the actors who resolutely upheld the integrity of the "legitimate" stage—in a vulgar age and scorning the lure of the dollar. Ainley's voice was an Orpheus lute; it made him, as Caruso's voice made Caruso. His presence and his character alike were noble. I can recall as vividly to-day as when I first heard it, his speaking of Romeo's lines. It opened wide for me the magic casement of Shakespeare and of truth, love and beauty of all time. I heard him giving of his best to an audience of private schoolboys once. His very best, and the effect was electrical. Ainley as Romeo and Arthur Wontner as Buckingham were for me the highlights of dramatic diction. To hear voices like these, to watch presences like these, is to consign the "talkie" and the "movie" to the lumber-room of tiresome, squeaky children's toys

Hydro-Electric Schemes.—The Clan MacColl is at war over the Garry-Tummel hydro-electric scheme. There are many points upon which lovers of the Highlands may differ over any proposals which envisage altering the face of nature in those wild lands. There is no doubt a strong case to be made out (by a shrewd special pleader) on both sides in all such schemes. One touch of *realism* on the side of the promoters would at least clarify and simplify the issue—that is, a clear admission of the prime object of this and other schemes. If the prime object is to go to the easiest source of water-power to produce electricity for the grid or for the good of all Scotland and England, then the Pitlochry area must bow to the national necessity of exploitation, and perhaps spoliation, for the general welfare of Britain. If the object is to give employment to a derelict area, opening up new opportunities in industry, and so forth, in the Highlands, then the dilemma is created that the scheme is too big for its job. Geologically, the chosen area is perhaps one of the best. Economically (e.g., as regards population and location of industry), it could hardly be worse. We *know* the truth, without the frank admission of the promoters. We should respect them more if they would make a clean breast of it. That at least is true, whether or not the matchless views round Killiecrankie Pass were long since "ruined" by the railway; or, if not so ruined, will be no worse off for the hydro-electric scheme proposed.

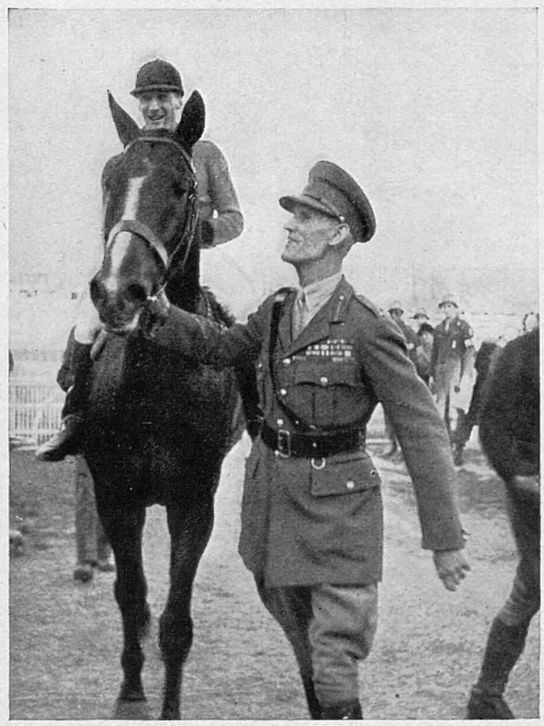
THE OLD STAGER

THE AUSTRALIAN GENERAL WHO WALKED OUT OF THE MILITARY COURT OF INQUIRY IN SYDNEY: Lieut.-General Gordon Bennett (on left) actually leaving the Court with his counsel, Mr. Brian Clancy, K.C. In the background are Mr. F. C. Stephens, junior (counsel), and Mr. A. W. Tebbutt (Solicitor). The military inquiry into the escape of Lieut.-General Gordon Bennett from Malaya, after the fall of Singapore, was opened in camera before a board of three Generals, in Sydney. Heading the Board is Lieut.-General Morshead, the defender of Tobruk. An hour after the inquiry opened General Bennett and his counsel, Mr. Brian Clancy, K.C., walked out. His counsel had urged that "there should be an open inquiry by some impartial tribunal entirely dissociated from the Army." When the Board indicated that it intended to proceed in camera, both the General and his counsel refused to be parties to such investigation. General Bennett was commander of the Australian division in Malaya. After the surrender of General Percival, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Singapore, General Bennett escaped to Australia. He claimed that he left safety voluntarily to enter upon a hazardous journey in the performance of his duty. General Percival criticises General Bennett's omission to inform him of his intention of escaping: General Bennett claims that he had no such obligation, as General Percival had already surrendered. Some Australian Ministers hold that although General Bennett was exonerated by the War Cabinet in 1942, information which has emerged since the liberation of Malaya justifies further inquiry. The question at issue is whether there should be a private or a public inquiry into General Bennett's escape from Malaya

VOLUMES OF "THE GRAPHIC"

The Editor is desirous of re-establishing his files, destroyed during the blitz. He would welcome offers of sale by readers of any bound volumes of THE GRAPHIC *they might possess and wish to dispose of. Offers should be addressed to The Editor,* THE SPHERE AND GRAPHIC, *Commonwealth House,* 1, *New Oxford Street, W.C.*1.

THE ALLIED COMMANDERS IN VIENNA, AT THE FIRST BRITISH RACE MEETING IN THE OCCUPIED CAPITAL: Marshal Koniev and Lieut.-General McCreery in the Officers' stand.



LIEUT.-GENERAL McCREERY LEADS IN HIS OWN HORSE JUMBO, which won the Champion Cup event at the British Race Meeting in Vienna

LATE NEWS-PICTURES

From London and Vienna

The first British organised horse-race meeting took place on the Prater Race-course in Vienna on Saturday, October 27. There were six races, both flat and steeple-chase, which attracted a large number of entries. Watching the racing were Lieut.-General McCreery, Marshal Koniev, Major-General A. M. Gruenther, of the U.S. Army, and General Bethouard, of the French Forces. Lieut.-General McCreery presented a cup to the winner of the Champion Stakes, won by his horse, Jumbo

THE DUTCH QUEEN MAKES A PRICELESS GIFT TO MR. CHURCHILL—630 letters of the Duke of Marlborough: A few days ago Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands received Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at the Dutch Embassy in London and presented to Mr. Churchill 630 original letters written by his ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough. These are enclosed in a beautiful seventeenth-century tortoiseshell casket from the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam. The gift is a token of the gratitude of the Dutch people. Here Mr. and Mrs. Churchill are seen with the Dutch Ambassador leaving the Netherlands Embassy after the presentation. On the left is the case containing the casket of letters

LONDON'S MOST FAMOUS "PILLBOX" DISAPPEARS: It stood at the corner of Downing Street, where it was erected at the very outset of the war. With its removal, and with the recent "opening" of the street to the general public, this historic corner of London now resumes its peace-time appearance

THE VISIT OF THE PARIS ORCHESTRA TO LONDON: The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra are paying their first visit to this country since their formation 100 years ago. They gave their first performance last week-end at the Stoll Theatre, under the direction of their principal conductor, M. Charles Munch, who is seen in this picture conducting a rehearsal. On Thursday they gave a concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the British United Aid to China Fund. The London Philharmonic Orchestra are to make a return visit

FURNITURE GOES OUT FOR CRICKET TO GO IN, AT THE OVAL: Furniture belonging to the bombed-out people in the Deptford area has "had its innings" at the Oval, where it has been stored for a number of years. Much of it is now being returned to the owners under the supervision of Deptford Borough Council. Here some of the furniture is being brought out of the well-known Members' Entrance to be loaded on to a removal van

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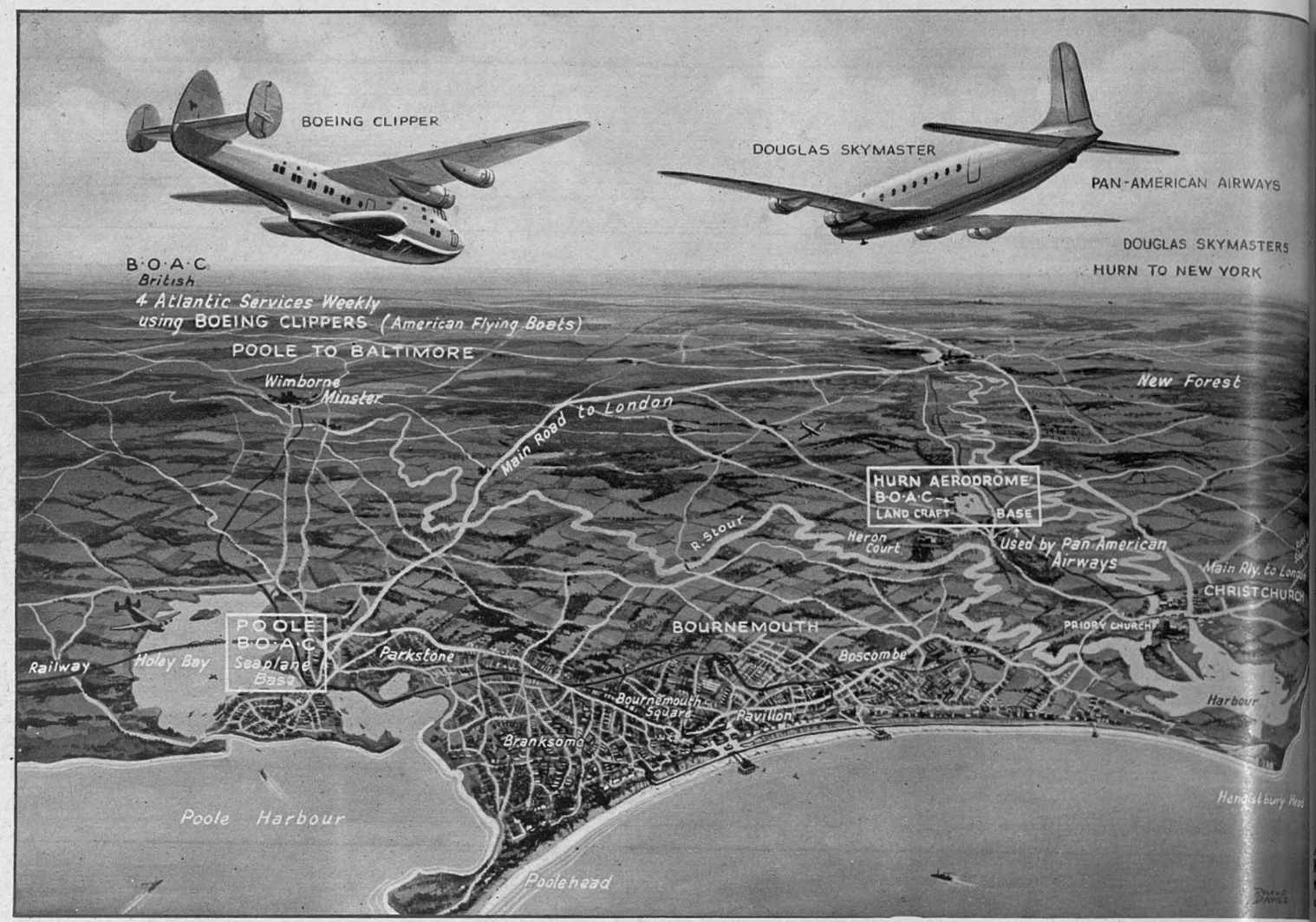


THE BASES AT POOLE AND AT HURN, WHERE THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH CROSS-ATLANTIC FLYING LINERS LAND IN BRITAIN: The two bases lie close together on the coast—one in Dorset, the other in Hampshire
—Drawing by Roland Davies

THE FAMOUS LANCASTER BOMBER IN ITS NEW CIVILIAN GUISE: It has been renamed the Lancastrian, and is being used on the service to Australia. It covers this vast distance in sixty-three hours' flying time *(See note at right)*

The Opening of the Cross-Atlantic FLYING ROUTES

The Meteor's Flight Over Londo
—And Other Flying News
—Special Sphere Drawing

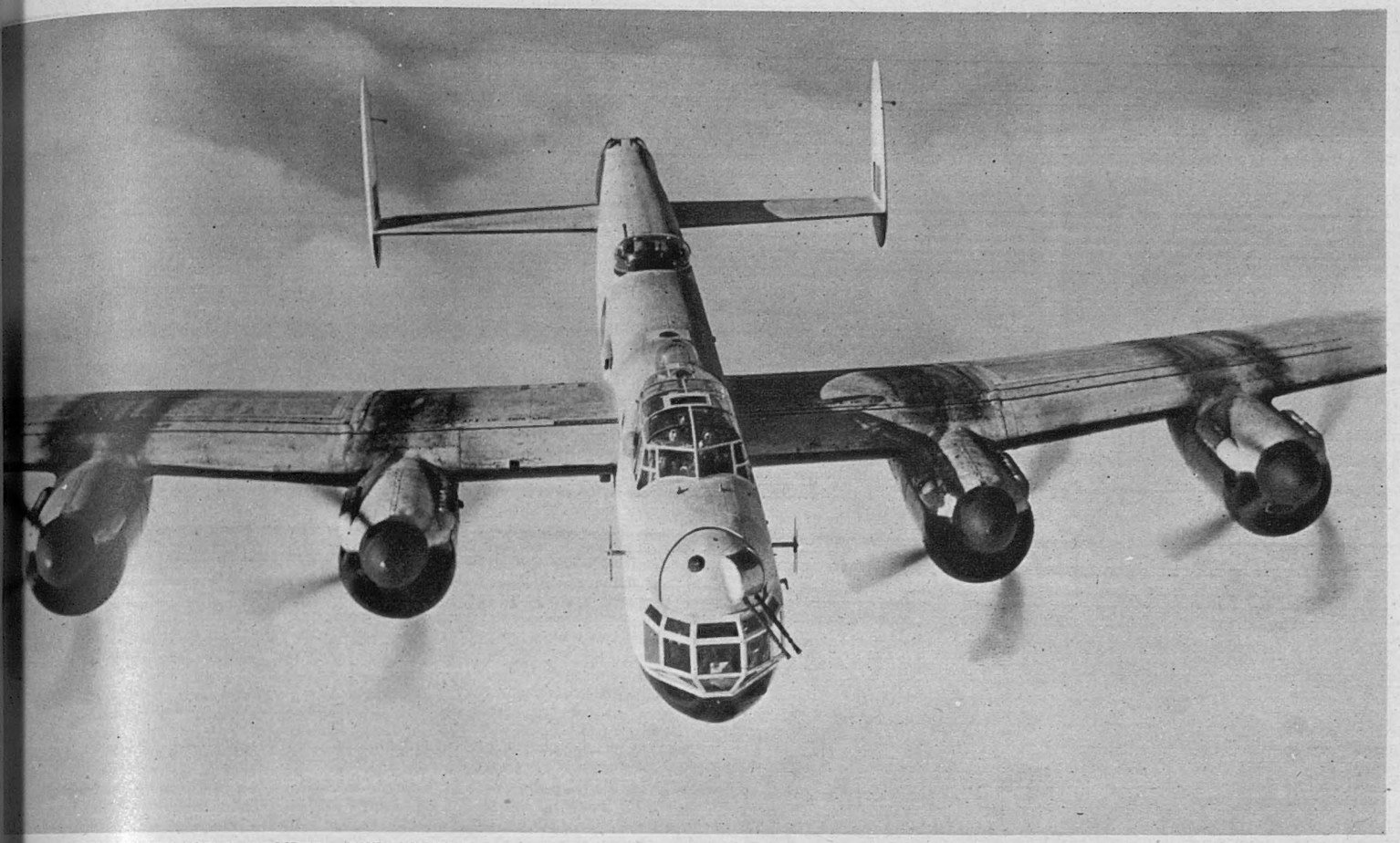
On left—At the tiny village of Hurn, in Hamps Lancaster bombers (renamed Lancastrians) have b converted for civilian use, and are now passenger-car aircraft for British Overseas Airways. Stripped of camouflage, it has also had the rear gunner's t covered and streamlined and the mid-gunner's t removed. Into its long nose go the goods and passen baggage. These aircraft cover the long hop to Aust in sixty-three hours. In the picture on the left one of Lancastrians is seen being warmed up before making the runway and Australia

The two Transatlantic Air Services which have just come into operation have their English bases in comparatively close proximity. The land-plane base is in Hampshire, at Hurn; the flying-boat base at Poole Harbour, in Dorset.

The new American service links New York with London, by way of the LaGuardia Aerodrome, New York, direct to Hurn, formerly shown on the map as a little Hampshire village, lying inland from Christchurch and Bournemouth. The foreshore here is particularly picturesque, with Christchurch Priory reflected in the waters of the harbour. The flagship of the American air-liners, the "New York," was the aircraft selected to inaugurate the service. It flew over the valley of the Hampshire Avon to the aerodrome at Hurn.

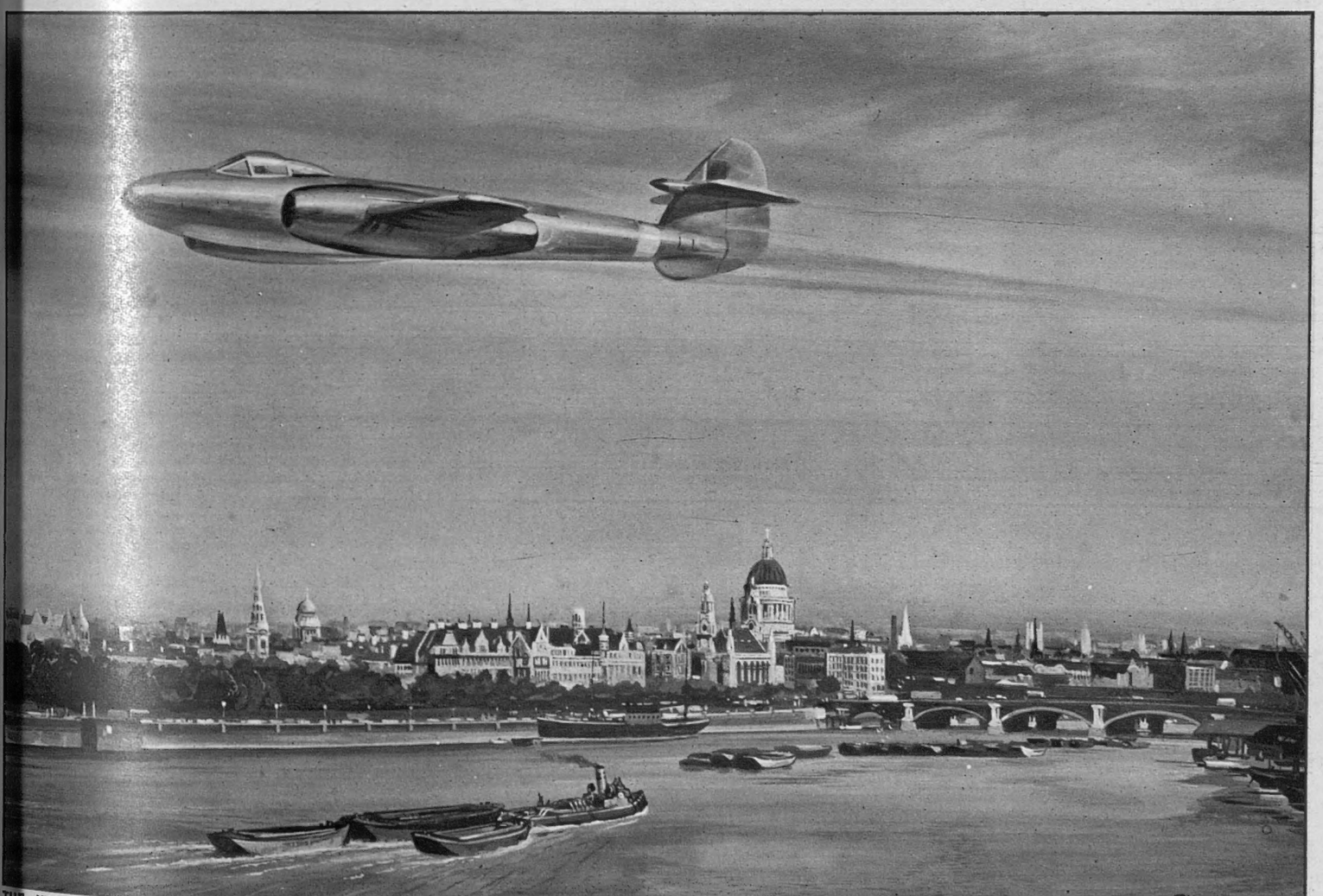
The Poole service is a flying-boat one, with the famous harbour as a base. This beautiful inland sheet of water lies just within the eastern borders of Dorset; Bournemouth, which spreads itself over the neighbouring pine-clad cliffs, is in Hampshire. The four-days-a-week service will use Baltimore as its American base. Air traffic across the Atlantic has now reached a volume and frequency which the most sanguine did not think could be reached at so early a date

THE FIRST AMERICAN "SKYMASTER" ARRIVES IN EIRE: A picture taken as the plane landed at Rineanna October 24 on the first stage of its journey to Britain, inaugurating the first commercial service by la plane between the U.S. and Great Britain. It left LaGuardia Airfield, in New York, at 10 p.m. October 23: after Rineanna, it went on to Hurn, in Hampshire



BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BOMBER, THE LINCOLN—A DEVELOPMENT OF THE LANCASTER, WHICH WAS OUR MOST IMPORTANT WARTIME BOMBER

A development of the Lancaster, the Avro Lincoln is our biggest bomber and the first bomber to carry cannon. These are 20-mm. British Hispanos, mounted in the dorsal turret; 0·5 machine-guns are mounted in the nose and tail turrets. The large bomb-bay can carry the 22,000-lb. "earthquake" bombs. The aircraft is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines of 1,750 h.p. Full details of the Lincoln are not yet released, but specifications which can be mentioned include: span, 120 ft.; length, 78 ft. 3½ ins.; height, 17 ft. 3½ ins.; wing area, 1,421 sq. ft.; weight, 75,000 lb. It is a most formidable warplane in both offence and defence



THE JET PLANE FLIES OVER LONDON: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE METEOR STREAKING OVER THE CAPITAL AT A LOW ALTITUDE on its way to the specially-prepared course at Herne Bay, where it is to attack the world's speed record—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

When the jet-propelled Meteor passed over London a few days ago, the aircraft was flown at cruising speed from the Gloster Aircraft Company's airfield at Moreton Valence, in Gloucestershire, in 29 minutes. It flew to Farnborough, in Hampshire, in 24 minutes, for a weather report, and then came down at Manston, near Herne Bay, fifteen minutes later. During the Farnborough-Manston trip, the Meteor passed over London at 2,000 ft., giving the comparatively few Londoners who were able to witness its progress a 40-seconds view as it flashed across the sky at a speed which was estimated to be over 500 miles per hour

THE AGEING NOMAD IN A HARD YOUNG WORLD

The Terrible Plight of the Elderly Homeless Wanderers Roaming over Hitler's War-torn Reich

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE they . . . didn't stand, but hung on to each other in a bent, crumpled manner as my driver did his best not to cover them in mud. For I had lately been talking to him about old people, how they had "had it" more than anyone else; and he had agreed. It was raining heavily and a cold wind lashed the old couple's rags of "clothing." They huddled closer, and faintly I heard a timorous: "*Halt um Gottes Willen halt!*"

The driver asked what the woman was saying, and then himself said: "Let 's see if we can do anything for 'em. 'Gainst regulations to give 'em a lift.

So we did something for this old German couple. We gave them what they prized more than anything else. We gave them a box of matches. That was what the old woman had begged, and when I had proffered biscuits first, she had almost querulously repeated "*Streichölzer!*" And the explanation was simple, too. This old pair could now grub up beets and turnips from the adjacent fields *and cook them*. Twigs they had collected, and these were sticking up in a bundle on the man's back. But for three days they had tramped, begging in vain for a light, for they could digest no longer the root vegetables raw.

I enquired the obvious whence and whither, and for answer the old German jadedly gestured away behind him. "*Aus Mecklenburg.*" As for the whither, that he didn't know. Presently they would trudge westward again, grabbing Red Cross soup in their cigarette tins in some town if they were lucky. And when the light failed, they would huddle down for the night in some cellar or ruin, shaking with damp and cold. Maybe (I thought) they 'd clasp each other tightly in the way marooned men do in arctic igloos, and, like the latter, not wake up some grey winter morning.

What else could one do for them? Money was useless to them and we carried only a day's pack rations. We left the biscuits and ten Gold Flake for them to barter with, and there they stood, still clinging to each other for support as we got into gear; two old people approaching the end of the road which had become their only home. They turned bloodless old faces and stared dully, dazedly at us.

DISPLACED! A young mother, who has lost her husband during the transportation, with her baby at Uelzen Transit Camp, in the British Zone of Occupation

Yet that old couple was nothing exceptional on the roads of Germany and Central Europe to-day; they were merely more isolated than customary. Most times when you passed the human flotsam wandering vaguely westward, they 'd be in tiny groups about the wreck of a pram or push-cart, when the more ageing nomads would at least have little to carry beyond their visibly failing selves. When they failed completely, however, they were left behind. Here it was the survival of the fittest with a vengeance, as Hitler's great migratory schemes moved towards their close.

Of course, one could steel oneself. Hadn't these people asked for it—the whole lot of them? When the old were young, thirty years ago, they had asked for it, only less so than their successors, who had torn millions of foreigners from hearths and homes and scattered them in slave-hut agglomerations round half a continent. What was surprising in these same foreign peoples now returning to Germany almost every German they could lay hands upon?

Continental peoples of the twentieth century know the dread risks they run if they allow hordes of Germans to remain after they 've been defeated. The cowed and servile German of to-day can be—is—the bullying wretch of to-morrow.

These Germans, old and young, are tasting the misery, separation, hunger, suffering and death that they multitudinously inflicted upon other people—though by no means all Germans are hit alike, as some of the relatively fat living on the land amply attests.

With the "displaced persons" preponderantly consigned to their own countries and the residue looked after for the winter in camps—all save a few thousand marauders—the Germans now have the roads pretty well to themselves in the civilian sense. It used to be so very different, that the fact is duly registered as you roll by: practically all these people are Germans. You think back to what they allowed in their names, and the nonsense of commiserating with such as they sticks out—people who showed no sign of wishing, much less willing, their rulers to act otherwise than they did.

All this is so, and yet the suffering of old Germans sticks out too, if only because it seems to symbolise a hard, unfeeling attitude to the ageing, which is peculiar to this generation and by no means confined to the roads of Germany.

Along these roads to the east you will come across the latest British attempt at succour. After the manner of our quaint christenings, it is called "Operation Stork," and its purpose is the wholly laudable one of removing 50,000 children from the Berlin winter hell and tiding them over to the spring in this pleasant Hanoverian countryside. The first 1,500 arrived yesterday in coaches of the Home Counties, and the children will go on arriving for a month, despite the fact that as we move them out of our Berlin zone others dodge in to take their places (one further instance of the Russian hobby of making it difficult for us).

Anyway, these girls and boys from six to seventeen will be fed and clothed, given their lessons and encouraged to play games, and it may turn out to be good propaganda, for aren't they the future? (The best propaganda would be for them to be made to realise in after-years exactly what they were saved from.) Yet "Operation Stork," for all its justification, sets in relief the widespread neglect of the ageing which adorns this period. No one ever thinks of organising an "Operation Grace" to rescue 50,000 old people from the hell of Berlin. Of course, they 'd be unmanageable, with their crochets and quirks, and their propaganda value for the future would be nil; yet how such an act of grace is called for! The reason we do not as much as think of old Berliners is that we have got so into the habit of falling over the younger generation, that its opposite, age, is coming to be regarded as a necessary state to be tolerated rather than respected and comforted. A natural and distressing effect of this attitude is to give youth an inflated notion of its own importance, which can make it ridiculous at times and insufferable at others. But that by the way.

From what I have seen and heard during the past few months between Austria and Holland, and Paris and Berlin, the old people had the worst time in Hitler's war and are still having it afterwards. Nowhere that I can determine was an extra ration allowance given to them, save, perhaps, self-condemnatory "gifts" like our own 8 ozs. of tea last Christmas (after more than five years!). That wasn't the way of the New Order, which looked down on people of fifty and over as too contaminated by the past to contribute effectively to the brave future, save in rare cases.

Instead, the stronger a person was, the more he was stuffed with food priorities; this held right down through adolescence to the Hitler Youth, and all of alien extraction who kept step with it. To the end, the fit and young got the best of what was going. Pursued to its logical conclusion, this implied a loss of elementary rights as one grew older, and no wonder the outcome has been that ageing people feel themselves more unwanted than their forbears could ever have conceived possible.

You notice the results principally in the urban areas or their remains: prematurely drawn, greyish, weary faces, and gait lacking all life. And I 'm not sure you don't notice it in France most of all—doubtless because the total of old people there is steadily rising, due to birth-rate decrease. It is common for new-comers to Paris to comment on a tiredness and sadness that never used to be, and it is in the ageing that this is most noticeable. The only country where something serious was done to alleviate old people's lot seems to have been Belgium, where they were spared queueing and given extra milk and fats.

Much the same supineness has been evident in the United Kingdom. Whether it was unfeeling or unthinking, it was there, and one witnessed an epitome in that 1943 suicide of two old Southsea sisters who hadn't the strength any longer to stand in a queue to collect their milk, or on the off-chance of coming by an egg. That tragedy went far beyond two old women's lives: it spoke for the Kingdom, telling of similar deprivation and neglect up and down the land, much of it suffered amid the added curse of loneliness.

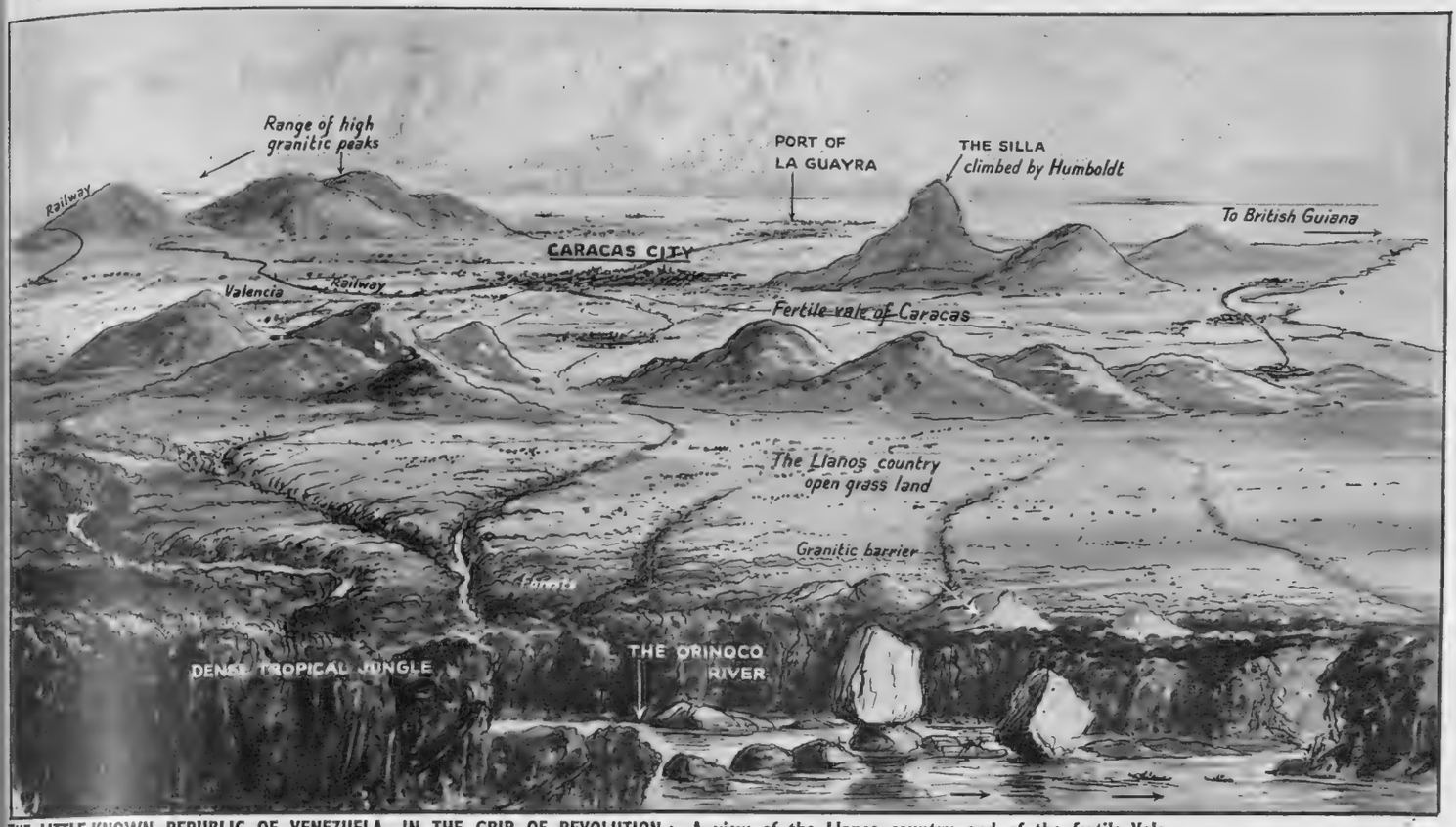
If you suggested to old people that they should protest, their answer seldom varied: "We wouldn't think of making a nuisance of ourselves while our brave boys are fighting Hitler." And if you thereupon hinted that the Forces were receiving more than their fair (or necessary) share at the expense of civilians, and especially of ageing people, you ran the risk of being looked upon as a Fascist agent!

So much is wrong with the poor old world at the moment, that one hesitates to enter a new criticism or stricture. Yet there is no doubt about it: this business of the ages has got out of focus. Older people have brought a good deal of it on themselves by their admiration of juniors who would benefit more by some good, solid debunking. It is time to take some of the accent off the younger generation, ceasing to invest it with qualities it has yet to prove, and to switch just a little of our attention to the ageing.

I believe Lord Nuffield has some institute working to find out just what ageing people really want in the years of their decline and infirmity, and the more in that line, so very much the better. We know what they don't want: to be pushed aside into institutions with the word "Unwanted" almost surmounting the gates, and in three cases out of four—charming Victorian thought—a graveyard within view.

The wants and shrinkings of people with less time among us than the majority have special claim, though it would seem to be almost the reverse, the way things are. Still, some consciences *are* awakening. I do not refer to the projected doubling of the Old Age Pension in 1947, when it will buy no more than ever it did, owing to the vertical ascent in the cost of living; rather to schemes like those of Weymouth and Bath, where settlements are planned to the end that ageing folk, without friends or relatives to care for them, may end their days seeing and feeling around them what they themselves would have chosen had life proved a little kinder—and more generous.

MUSHROOM HUTS FOR GERMAN DISPLACED PERSONS: The inhabitants of the curiously-shaped "Utility" plywood huts taking fresh straw bedding inside at the Uelzen Camp for German displaced persons in the British zone. German refugees from the Russian zone, who have fled into the British zone for succour, are attended to entirely by Germans, who house and feed them while they wait for distribution to different parts of the British sector. Although the amenities are of the poorest, they say that they are better off than before. Men, women and children (forty at a time) sleep huddled together on straw, inside the mushroom-shaped hutments made of three-ply wood, with a single hole in the roof for air. Although this is only the Transit Camp, to put up the refugees for twenty-four hours, these people have already spent fourteen days here waiting for transport. They receive gruel and one solid meal a day—black bread, butter, sausage and jam



THE LITTLE-KNOWN REPUBLIC OF VENEZUELA, IN THE GRIP OF REVOLUTION: A view of the Llanos country and of the fertile Vale of Caracas. Through it flows the Orinoco River. Most of the developed portions of the country lie to the north of this great stream—*Drawing by Percy Home*

REVOLUTION in VENEZUELA

Another Spanish Republic in South America in Turmoil

A new area in the world became disturbed when a military party made a bid to seize the reins of power in Venezuela, the large, independent republic flanked on the east by the three Guianas, Dutch, British and French.

The revolution appeared to be organised by a young military party under the leadership of Dr. Romulo Bettancourt. It appears to have made use of Lend-Lease war material provided by the United States, and with the aid of a certain number of air pilots trained in the United States. Caracas, the capital, with its port, La Guayra, were duly seized and the revolutionary forces began to extend their operations further afield.

Military operations present very exceptional features in Venezuela. There are very few miles of railway extending from the capital—one of these proceeds westward to Lake Valencia, near which is the main aerodrome of Maracay. The capital itself is flanked by high and striking granite peaks. To the south is the fertile valley of Caracas.

Another range of mountains guards the northern approach to the famous Llanos area, a grass-covered plateau of vast extent, seamed by a number of rivers flowing towards the gigantic Orinoco River. This famous tropical stream flanks the northern side of the dense forest area of Venezuela. Some of these rivers are navigable and provide communication from one part of the country to another.

No railways exist in these inner regions. A great forest area is broken here and there by ridges of granite which sometimes cross the rivers forming barriers of fantastic rock masses. Otherwise the country to the south is an unbroken mass of tropical jungle linking with the vast Masso Grotto of Brazil.

THE THREE MAIN DIVISIONS OF VENEZUELA—The Vale of Caracas: the Llanos country (a grass-covered plateau of vast extent); and the Forest area lying to the south of the mighty Orinoco River

IN THE CITY OF CARACAS, THE CAPITAL. While one Venezuelan lies in a pool of blood, other civilians take refuge behind a house wall during the street fighting which raged during the recent revolution

HANDS ON HEAD, Caracas Police are marched to the Miraflores Palace, where they were imprisoned by soldiers during the revolution

THE FORMER PRESIDENT, held by the rebels: General Eleazar Lopez Contreras was one of the prominent persons seized as a hostage by the rebel forces which upset the Government of President Isaias Medina. General Contreras, who is a presidential candidate in the forthcoming April elections, was seized in the brief but bloody revolt, in which 400 persons were killed, in the fighting in Caracas, capital of the South American Republic

GERMANY—LAND OF MISER

The Trek of the Displaced Persons, and the Return of the Wehrmacht Prisoners

PASTOR NIEMOLLER RETURNS TO BERLIN TO PREACH IN HIS OLD CHURCH : Freed by the Allies from his long years of imprisonment in Nazi concentration camps, Pastor Niemoller is again preaching to his congregation at his old church of St. Anne's, in the Cecilien Allee in Dahlhem, fashionable Berlin suburb now in the American occupation sector. When this picture was taken, Dr. Niemoller was exhorting his listeners to help in the rebuilding of Germany and to return to religion after the Nazi nightmare. It will be remembered that the Pastor was a German U-boat commander in the war of 1914-18

PASTOR NIEMOLLER SHAKES HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION on his return to the Church of St. A in the Berlin suburb of Dahlhem

A GLIMPSE AT LIFE IN THE RUINED CITY OF HAMBURG : A motley crowd of civilians and former members of the Wehrmacht now serving in the German Ambulance Corps gather round a kiosk to buy a cup of very weak "beef" tea, for the low price of 20 pfennigs. For many, this is all they can obtain to sustain them from breakfast until supper-time

GERMAN TEACHERS ARE RE-EDUCATED, IN ORDER TO RE-EDUCATE GERMAN YO Would-be teachers being instructed by Professor Hans Lusche (former in the German Army in charge of artificial fog-making) in the Olden Library. The all-important task of re-educating German youth must be done by Ger themselves. But there are so few non-Nazi teachers left that it is necessary to u teachers who qualified during the Nazi regime. An "All-German Teachers' Academy just opened in Oldenburg, where about 200 men and women undergo a special c under the guidance of carefully-vetted German professors and education experts. The candi are very young, as during the war the Nazis allowed boys and girls from the age of fo years to teach. Emphasis in training is laid on the complete elimination of Nazi doc

THE DESTRUCTION OF AMMUNITION IN BERLIN—part of the disarmament of Germany : 75-mm. shells being stored by civilians into a pit for detonation. The work is supervised by a British sergeant. Every week more than 200 tons of German ammunition are being blown up in Berlin. At this rate it will take four or five months before the British sector is cleared. The enormous amount of ammunition now being found shows that the Wehrmacht intended to make another Leningrad out of Berlin. Great dumps of mortar bombs, shells, *panzerfaust*, etc., are being discovered daily under the ruins : these are dangerous for troops and civilians alike. But, apart from the danger, there are still enough arms and ammunition to equip a small army. The work is extremely risky, owing to corrosion and to the insufficient safety precautions on the latest German weapons

HITLER'S FORMER MEETING-PLACE IN MUNICH IS NOW A RED CROSS CL The scene at the official opening of the "Doughnut and Coffee Club," w Lieut.-General Lucian Truscott (third from left) and Brig.-General D. Hickey (fifth from left). The Red Cross Club in Munich is located in the "B Brau Keller," the famous meeting-place of the Nazis from the first days of the formati that Party. It was here that Hitler used to spend his time living on the food served the beer when he was too poor to live any other way ; it was also here that the " Hall Putsch" of 1923 started, when some of the Nazi followers were killed. On Novembe 1939, a bomb exploded during the festivities that always took place on that date each killing some of the Nazis and just missing Hitler, who had spoken there shortly b

HE MENACE OF STARVING EUROPE: Displaced Germans crowd the trains moving out of the country districts into the British zone. Germans expelled from Poland and the Eastern territories are flooding into the Russian zone of occupation in Germany, and other German families have to be moved out to make way for them. Those from the borderline between British and Russian zones are moved altogether into the British zone. They are brought in British Army lorries to a transit camp at Uelzen, 25 miles from Luneberg, where they are housed in stables until a "full-train-load" has been collected, when they are dispersed through the country districts in the British zone. Just what is meant by a "full-train-load" is shown in this picture. The train travelling from Uelzen carries passengers on the footplates and the buffers, as well as in the carriages

ITLER'S SOLDIERS RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY IN RUSSIA—IN RAGS, after working in Soviet mines and factories: Do you remember the pictures of endless columns of German prisoners going to captivity in May of this year? Now, similar scenes are to be seen in Berlin. But this time it is the return home of the prisoners. Thousands of men—incapable of useful work owing to their physical condition—have been released by the Russians from captivity and are returning to their homes in the British zone. Here some of them are seen with their rations at the transit point in the British-controlled district. Most of the prisoners are in a deplorable state of cleanliness; but this can be largely explained by the degraded state to which they have been reduced in captivity and on the way home. There were opportunities to clean up at the Transit Camp, but not many took advantage of them

A GERMAN FAMILY ARRIVE IN UELZEN, and make up their straw beds in a stable: They are lucky—they have blankets! The Displaced Persons sleep forty to a stable, bedding down only on straw

A GERMAN WOMAN AT UELZEN shows her delight at getting her rations in the Transit Camp: All refugees get one hot meal a day, and two hot drinks—tea or coffee. Their meal is soup, bread, sausage, margarine and jam

AN AUTUMN BRIDE IN BERLIN, where marriage is a very difficult business to-day: A bride in Berlin these days has many difficulties. Food and drink for the reception are usually obtained from close friends and relatives. There are no cars for the weddings, and horse-cars are almost unobtainable. The honeymoons are usually spent in the city, as Berliners do not like to leave their homes for any length of time. Twenty-four-year-old Eva Doerstling, who has just been married in a Berlin church, was luckier than most brides. She managed to get some real silk for her wedding dress. It cost £40. The veil was of Brussels lace. The bridegroom, a doctor, called for her in his car. He receives an allowance of petrol as a doctor. The romance started when he was called to attend Eva after she had been injured by a shell splinter during the Battle of Berlin. After the ceremony, the families went to the bridegroom's flat for the reception. An unusual bottle of champagne was opened and, for the wedding breakfast, they had a rare goose

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY TREK OF MILLIONS: OUT OF POLAND, OUT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, OUT OF THE RUSSIAN ZONE AROUND BERLIN, hundreds of thousands of Germans are now on the march to the west; whilst from the west, tens of thousands of others are on the march to the east—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

"DISPLACED PERSONS" in GERMANY

A Modern Tragedy which Affects Millions as the Result of Frontier "Adjustments" in Eastern Europe

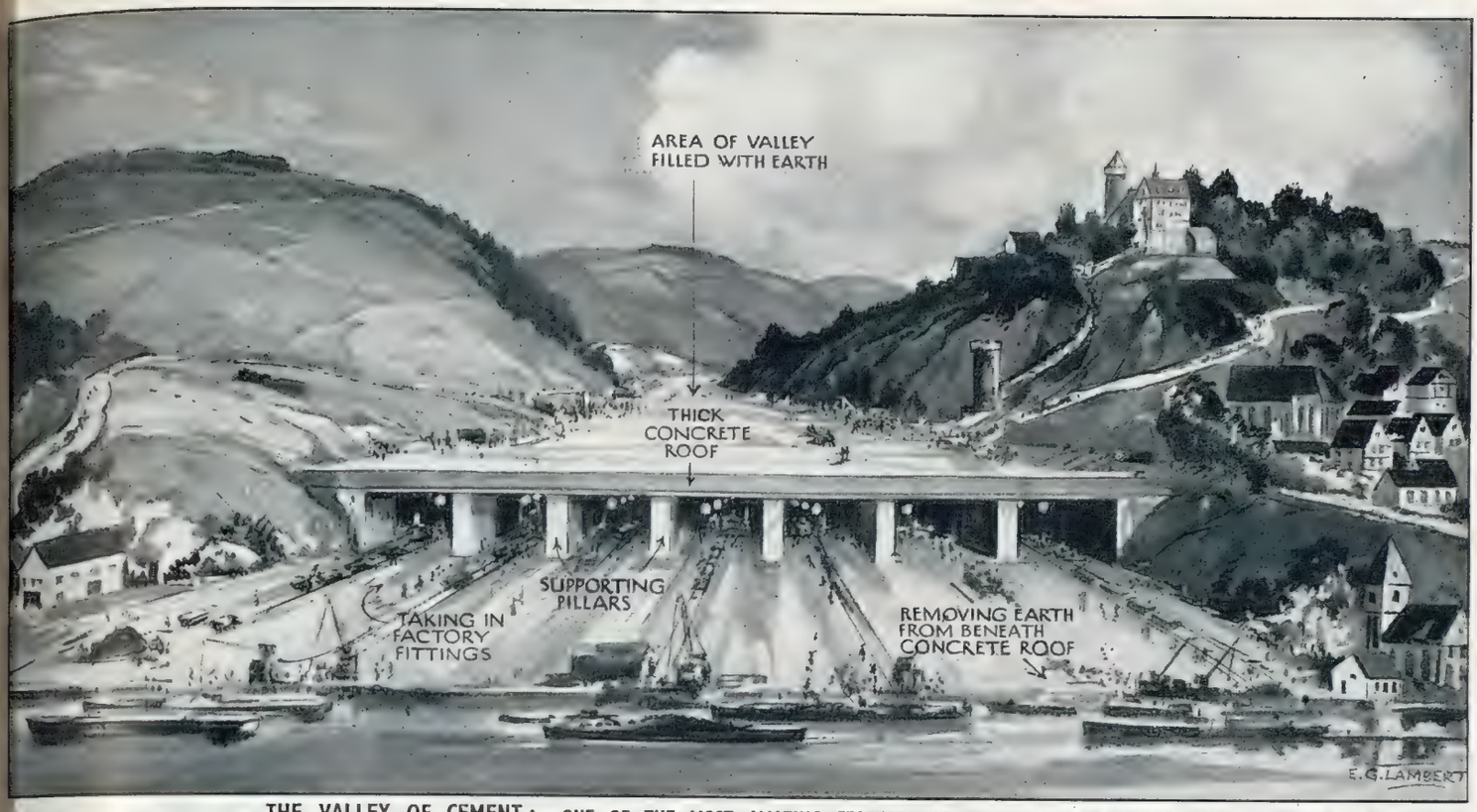
The condition of the main roads of Central Europe reveal a state of affairs which has probably not occurred since the days of the great tribal movements of the early Middle Ages, the vast numbers of "displaced persons" moving in many cases to an uncertain destination. This human tide is in the main moving from the east toward the west; but there are also streams moving in the reverse direction. Germans and Jews from Eastern Poland and in the bordering territories of Russia still further to the east are trekking towards the Germany that was. . . . Poland is propelling further hordes of young and old from its own territories: these swell the westward-moving columns. The moving columns pass right through Poland and Russian-zone Germany to the British zone, where camps have been established to meet the most immediate needs. The situation has been causing considerable anxiety at the British Headquarters in Hanover: the Government's latest statement on the subject declares that 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 people are on the move. In addition to those coming from the east, a smaller number are moving from the west, from the great, but bomb-ruined, industrial areas of the Ruhr

A MAP OF THE AREA IN WHICH THE VAST MIGRATIONS ARE NOW TAKING PLACE: The flow of the displaced and dispossessed peoples extends from beyond the "Curzon Line" in Poland to the east, to the region of the Ruhr and the Rhineland in the west

GERMAN REFUGEES FROM POLAND, waiting for transport to their new homes: Camps are being set up all over the British zone to deal with this problem of the Displaced Person

On right—The British authorities are completing preparations for the mass evacuation of German children from the British Controlled Districts of Berlin to "reception areas" in the British zone. This evacuation plan has been given the name "Operation Stork"; its purpose is to prevent widespread starvation among the German children this winter. In the meantime, the school-children receive their daily ration of gruel, made up of flour and milk provided by the British authorities. Armed with containers of all shapes, sizes and condition, young Berlin schoolboys are here seen being served with this gruel in the playground of their school. Its issue is part of the scheme to save them from the effects of under-nutrition

PREPARING FOR "OPERATION STORK," the mass evacuation of German children around Berlin to other centres within the occupied zone



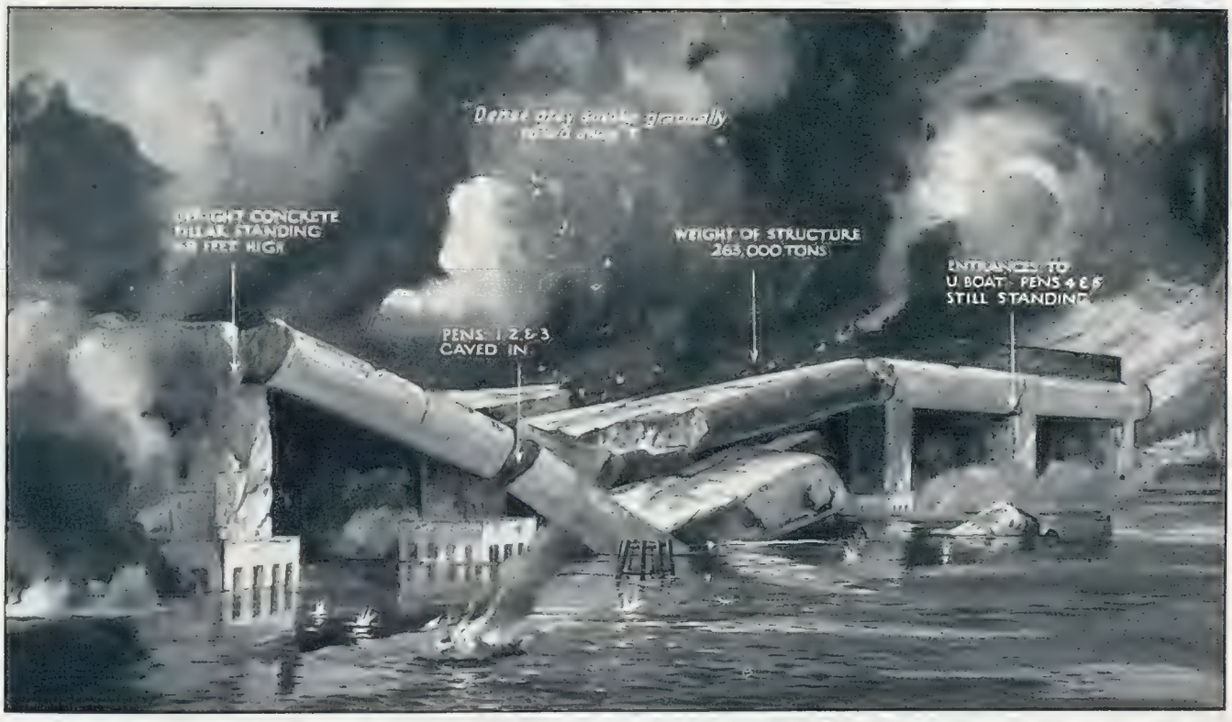
THE VALLEY OF CEMENT: ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING FEATURES OF THE GERMAN BUILDING AND CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRY. It was built to hide factories underground during the latter half of the war—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

One of the most amazing features of the German war effort was the country's capacity to produce cement, which is estimated by some experts to have exceeded the combined cement production in Britain and the United States. Millions of tons were lavishly used to build colossal underground factories, air-raid shelters and similar projects. "One of their biggest single enterprises was the cementing-up of an entire valley to use as an aircraft factory," an expert of the Allied Military Government at Twenty-First Army Group Headquarters said. "First they filled the valley in with earth. Then they poured concrete on top, 5 to 10 ft. thick, and let it harden. After that they dug out the earth by trainloads, erected huge supports and had an enormous concrete roof. The war ended before the huge factory was ready for production."

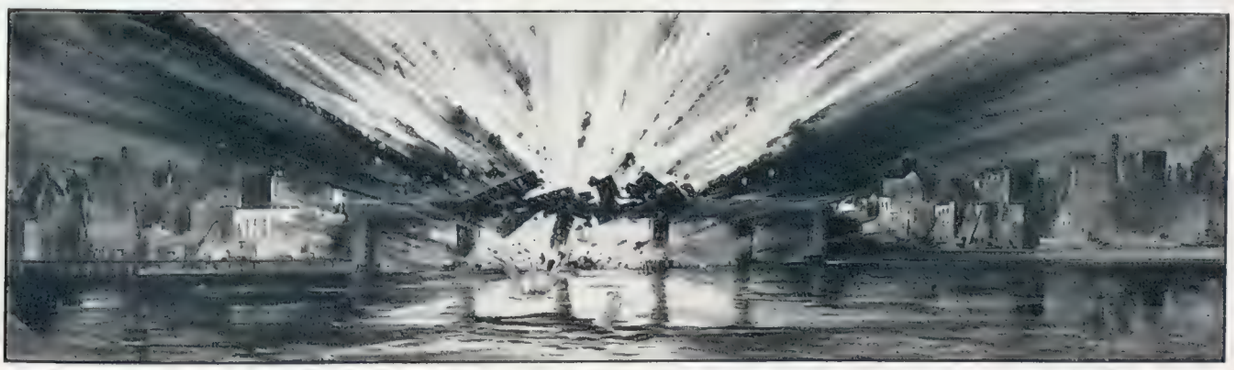
GERMANY'S LOVE for HUGE CONCRETE CONSTRUCTIONS

One of the most astonishing features of the German defence measures was the employment of concrete structures of exceptional strength. This entailed an output of cement on a huge scale. Some of the structures erected in concrete were on a cyclopean scale. The West Wall defences consumed an amount of cement bewildering to contemplate. It was probably only possible with slave labour. The Allied expenditure of effort did not run on the same lines: we and the U.S.A. concentrated on metal work.

The U-boat pens have struck the technical observer staffs of the Allies as being the most typically German and "kolossal" of any of these concrete efforts. The one which was partly destroyed last week consisted of five bays with huge uprights and crosspieces and roof covers. These cavernous shelters, which had practically defied the concentrated efforts of Bomber Command, loomed ominously on the outskirts of Hamburg's great system of harbours and docks. When their destruction was determined upon, a mass of German bombs was exploded with a great flash and a mass of resultant smoke. After this had cleared, it was observed from across the Elbe that the central portion of the five pens had collapsed in huge, dislocated pieces: the pens were not "reduced to rubble," as one hopeful observer expressed it. At each end the massive uprights still stood; in the centre the giant cross-beams had been dislodged, rendering the central pens unusable. The next operations will be awaited with interest, for the task of destruction evidently presents problems of no small difficulty.



HOW THE FIVE HUGE U-BOAT PENS AT HAMBURG WERE BLOWN UP BY BRITISH ROYAL ENGINEERS: The scene as the smoke cleared away after the terrific explosion. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 pens have caved in; but Nos. 4 and 5 still stand—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE COLOSSAL FLASH AS THE GERMAN BOMBS WENT OFF AT HAMBURG, as seen from across the River Elbe: The weight of the huge structure was 263,000 tons; it stood 58 ft. high and covered an area of 250,000 square feet. Thirty-two tons of German bombs were used to demolish the huge mass of concrete—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

LIFE IN SINGAPORE : A TYPICAL SIDE-STREET LINED WITH STALLS SELLING A LARGE VARIETY OF MERCHANDISE. Note the washing hanging from poles in the upstairs windows. Conditions are already rapidly approaching normal in this thriving and prosperous commercial and shipping city

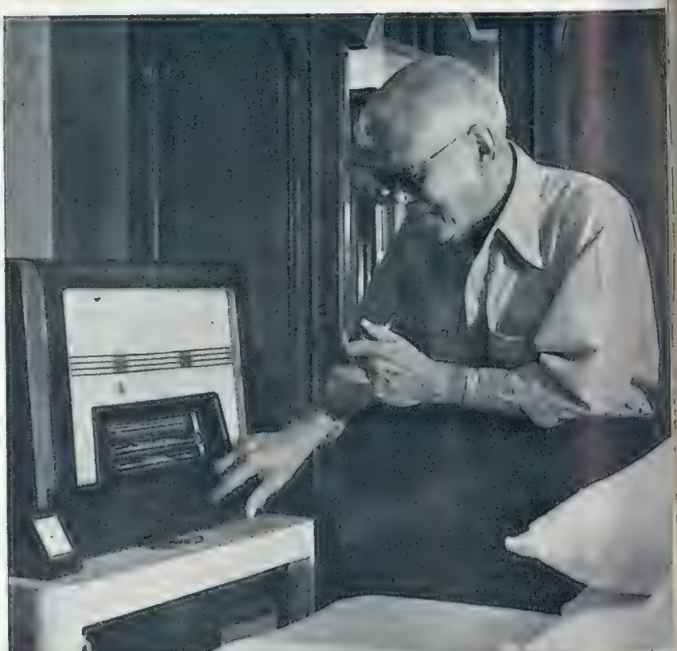
THERE IS NO RATIONING OF CLOTHES OR CLOTH IN SINGAPORE : British Service men take the opportunity of buying dress materials and silk from the many stalls in the street markets

CONDITIONS IN THE FAR EAST

Pictures from Singapore, Hong Kong and Japan

These two pictures were taken by an Associated Press cameraman on a special assignment to the Far East ; they show how life in that city is fast returning to normal. The town has little to show of the ravages of war. Except for slight bomb damage in the dock area, Singapore is quite unscarred. There is no rationing, and the shops and market-places are well stocked with fresh fruit and clothing of all kinds.

THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN HONG KONG VISITS THE NEW TERRITORIES : To gain first-hand knowledge of the food situation and local conditions in the New Territories (on the Chinese mainland), the Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt, made a 60-mile trip by car to visit a number of Chinese market villages. Here he is seen having a few words with youthful roadside spectators during his tour of the village of Kam Tin



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE IS FREED FROM THE JAPS : In his bedroom with the radio on which he received the B.B.C. news bulletins throughout the Japanese occupation of Malaya. During the three-and-a-half years of the Japanese occupation of Malaya, the Sultan of Johore, with his wife and son, lived in their villa about three miles from the Palace of Johore, which was taken over by the Japanese. They were required to produce passes whenever they moved outside ; even their private lives were subject to supervision, and they were regularly visited by Japanese officers. Under the care of the Sultana, the gardens were given over to food production for the household. The Sultan's 3,000-acre rubber plantation went into disuse early in the occupation. Though the Japanese made every effort to induce the Sultan to co-operate, or at least to appear to do so, he managed to avoid embarrassing situations by clever evasion. The Sultan and Sultana intend to visit Britain next year.

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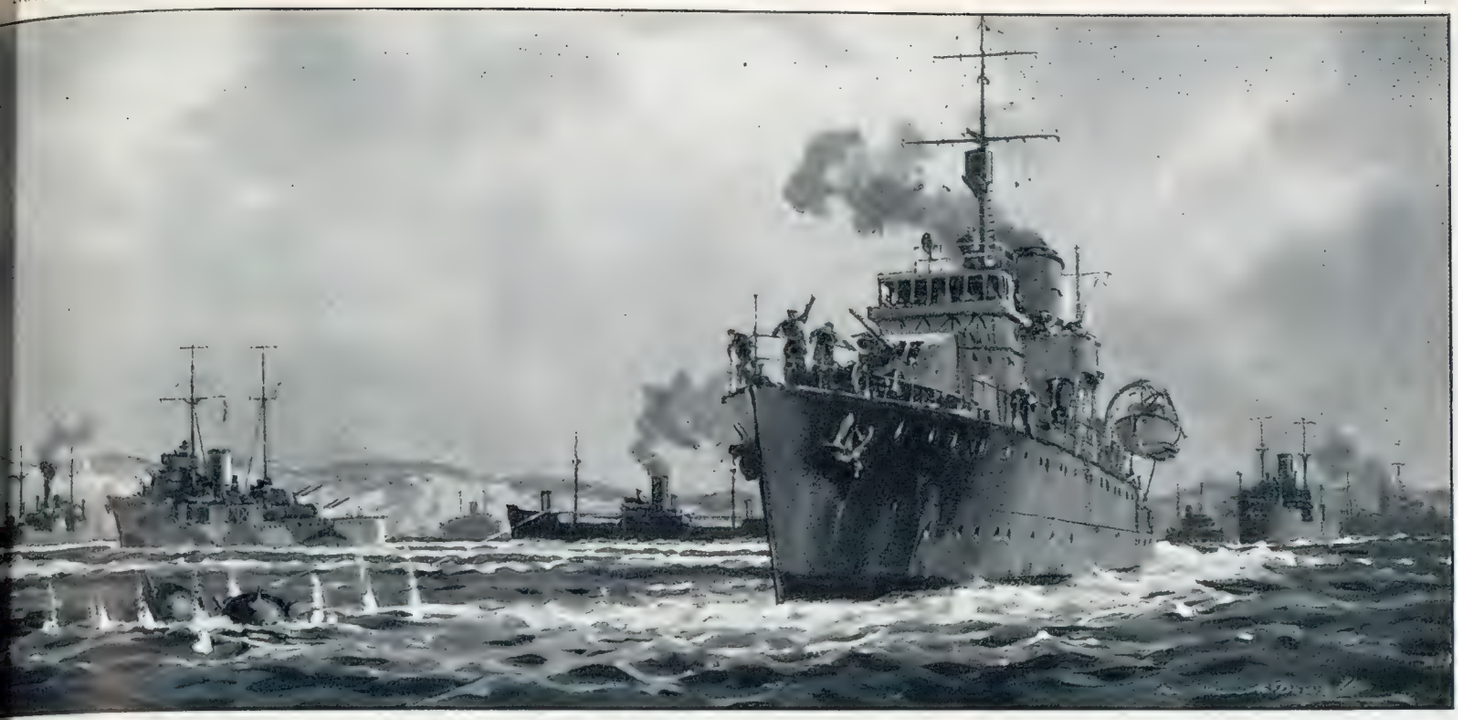

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIBERATION OF GREECE—OCTOBER 16—THE STORY WAS REVEALED OF HOW A GREAT CONVOY OF WARSHIPS, TROOPS AND SUPPLY VESSELS NEARLY MET DISASTER IN ONE OF THE MOST THICKLY-MINED AREAS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN JUST OUTSIDE PIRÆUS. The convoy and its escort, which was in "line ahead," had to turn in its tracks—a highly hazardous manœuvre in narrow waters, but which was accomplished without collision. To the left in the drawing above, two vessels have struck the floating mines which littered the channel: to the right, a minesweeper, going astern to avoid the danger, is opening machine-gun fire to explode the mines (*See note at left*)—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

BRITAIN BEGINS TO RETURN HER LEND-LEASE DESTROYERS TO THE UNITED STATES: THE TWO FIRST, "ESSINGTON" AND "CALDER," FIRST OF THE FIFTY, in the Brooklyn Yard after they had been handed back by the Royal Navy. The *Essington* is one of the Captains class, a vessel of 1,300 tons: she was built in the Bethlehem Yard in 1943 of prefabricated construction. The *Calder* is a destroyer-escort, also of 1,300 tons, and built in 1943. When the fifty destroyers were sent to Britain early in the war (in exchange for the leasing of British bases in the West Indies and elsewhere to the United States), it was understood that they would be returned by the Royal Navy at the end of the war. This process is now being carried out

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FOREIGN NEWS in PICTURES

A Collection of Photographs Recently Received in London

AMERICAN DOCK LABOURERS ON STRIKE IN NEW YORK try to dissuade non-strikers from returning to work: Special police squads were present in force along the New York waterfront on October 16 (when this picture was taken) to prevent an outbreak of violence between rival factions as the strike of dock workers of the American Federation of Labour entered on its sixteenth day. These members of the International Longshoremen's Association from Brooklyn are clapping their hands and shouting to other dock workers, telling them not to go back to their jobs

A GREAT CHICAGO BUSINESS IS HANDED BACK by the U.S. Army to its rightful owners: The American Army having relinquished control of Montgomery Ward's great mail-order business in Chicago and six other cities, the employees in Chicago reported back for work on October 19 under the old order. The first act of Mr. Sewell Avery, the chairman, was to discontinue the "Check-off" (collection of Union dues) and to annul the compulsory maintenance of Union membership which were enforced during the Army's tenure. When the men and women reported back for work consequently, Union members were present giving out handbills protesting at the chairman's action in abolishing the influence of the Trade Unions

LADY CAVENDISH (ADELE ASTAIRE) back in the U.S. after ten years' absence: Lady Adele Cavendish, sister of Fred Astaire, the famous film-star, and his dancing partner before her marriage to an Englishman, is now back in her native United States for the first time in ten years. This picture was taken at La Guardia Airfield, New York. She intends to visit friends on the East Coast before proceeding to California to see her brother

MISS BETTY CARSTAIRS is to seek U.S. citizenship: She is the Englishwoman who devoted many years to the development of speedboats. In 1934, Miss Carstairs stated she could not bear the burden of British taxation, and took up residence on a West Indian island of which she was the owner. She is now applying for U.S. citizenship. Here she is seen aboard her own boat at Miami Beach preparing tackle for a fishing expedition

THE FORMER VICHY AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY is arrested upon arrival in Paris: M. Gaston Bergery, who was Petain's Ambassador to Turkey and a close friend of Von Papen, German Ambassador to Turkey, arrested at Le Bourget aerodrome a few days ago. Here he was met with a warrant for his arrest. He is believed to have been removed to Fresnes Prison, where Laval was recently executed. This picture was taken a few minutes after his arrest

TWO MEN IN A BARREL SET OFF FROM CANADA to cross the Atlantic to England: Mark Charlton, twenty-six years of age, of Toronto, but English-born, has one desire—to return to England. He is already on his way—in a beer barrel. Here he is seen with his elderly seafaring friend, Peter Olsen, sixty-five, of Norway, as they wave from their barrel just before setting sail to catch the propitious winds. They started from Sydney, Nova Scotia. The barrel is equipped with a heavy keel, two vanes and a rudder. A sail will provide the power for the giant keg; besides supplies, Charlton's motor-cycle provides ballast. Charlton, a demobilised Canadian Army soldier, expects to see England in about eighty days out of Sydney

THE FIRST SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IS OPENED IN MOROCCO: It has been established in Rabat, where it was opened by the Sultan of Morocco and the French Resident, M. Puaux. The pupils are all daughters of prominent Moroccans, and they are taught by French teachers the usual subjects taken in French high schools. The Sultan recently made an extended visit to France, during which he inspected schools and other public institutions with a view to effecting improvements in his own country

A NEW TOWN-PLANNING SCHEME FOR KUMASI, ON THE GOLD COAST: How the houses are being built—an assembly line for joining the roof-timbers. Less than a minute is necessary for this operation

ANOTHER HOUSE NEARS COMPLETION AT ASAWASI, just outside Kumasi: The first project of the Town Planning Scheme at Kumasi is the building of an experimental township for African labourers. At Asawasi, two miles out of the town, adjoining a twenty-year-old Zongo village, building is going ahead; when completed, there will be twenty-four houses, with communal laundries. If this experiment is a success, as seems assured, work will go ahead on a self-contained town, with its own shopping centre of twenty-eight stores, its own market, community centre, clinic and playing-fields. The population will be between 3,000 and 4,000. Mass-production methods are used, bricks and tiles for roofing being made on the site. An experimental type of brick has been named "Swishcrete"—twenty parts of "swish" to one part of cement—and tests have proved them to be a great success. Concrete tiles form the roofing. A feature of the building is the "assembly line," where roof timbers are turned out all the same size and put together in less than a minute, to be fitted on the roof. Each worker is encouraged to like his job; if satisfactory, he is given a certificate of merit, stating that he has proved himself a good workman

HOW THE AMERICAN MARINES RETURN TO THE U.S. FROM THE PACIFIC: As the U.S.S. *Attu* nears San Diego, 950 officers and men of the renowned Fourth Marine Division spell out their identity on the flight-deck, while a reconnaissance plane (extreme right) flies overhead. Other ships carrying more members of the Division, veterans of Roi, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima, are *en route* to the United States, where the Division will be disbanded at a camp in California

AN HISTORIC MOMENT—THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT OPENS IN OTTAWA: When the Canadian Parliament assembled for its opening session in Ottawa—the first opening ceremony after the war—the occasion was an historic one, in that it marked the last session in the Governorship of the Earl of Athlone and the first one in the re-elected Government of Prime Minister Mackenzie King. In the picture above, the Earl of Athlone is reading the Speech from the Throne, dressed in the uniform of a Major-General. Seated by his side is Princess Alice. On the left of the Throne is Prime Minister Mackenzie King; standing in front of it, on the right, the new Serjeant-at-Arms, Lieut.-Colonel W. J. Franklin, holds the Commons' Mace. On the Woolsack are the Judges of the Supreme Court; Members of the House are ranged along both sides, while their wives occupy the benches behind them

FRANCE GOES TO WORK to repair the universal shortages of cloth: Wool from Australia and the Argentine has been going into France in enormous quantities for several months. There is no longer a scarcity of raw materials, and already the great French factories are handling an impressive tonnage of wool. The factory of Roubaix, which has the most up-to-date machinery and is the most important of its kind in France, alone uses more than 30,000 lb. of wool daily. Three months from the time the machines start turning, an excellent 70-per-cent. cloth is turned out of the workshops. The transformation of raw wool into cloth is of necessity a highly-complicated process, and involves the employment of numerous specialists. Here are some of the looms in the woollen factory at Roubaix

A BLACK MARKET IN SPAGHETTI IN ROME: The well-fed lady behind the table of spaghetti doesn't look at all sinister. But she, and others like her, are waxing fat on the plight of their fellow-citizens of hungry Rome. She is selling spaghetti at one dollar a pound. The regular market price of this Italian main dish is 25 cents. The ration per person is only 4 lb. a month: to the Italian, who eats at least half a pound at a meal, this is insignificant; so the Black Market flourishes. The greedy have plenty and the poor, who cannot afford Black Market prices, have nothing!

THE CENTENARY OF THE OPENING OF THE GREAT HALL AND LIBRARY OF LINCOLN'S INN: Queen Mary, Senior Bencher of the Inn, at the party; she is standing near the entrance, under the large Watts' fresco. Queen Mary, who is Senior Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, attended a party there last week to celebrate the centenary of the opening by Queen Victoria in 1845 of the Great Hall and Library. Her Majesty was met at the foot of the Library steps by the Treasurer and other officers. In pleasant October sunshine she planted a walnut tree in the garden to commemorate the centenary. She then went to the Drawing-Room for tea, accompanied by the Treasurer, Senior Benchers and their ladies, the officers of the Society, all Benchers who are senior to them, Judges of the High Court, and Privy Councillors. The remainder of the company took tea in the Great Hall

A LONDON TRIBUTE TO DOMINION AIRMEN: The ceremony at the inauguration of "Canada Walk." For nearly six years, the Canadian Air Force has used No. 20, Lincoln's Inn Fields, as their London headquarters. To commemorate the close ties between the Borough of Holborn and the R.C.A.F. during the war, the pavement on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields has now been named "Canada Walk." At the inauguration ceremony, the Mayor of Holborn was accompanied by Air Marshal G. O. Johnson: here the procession is seen passing along the newly-named "Canada Walk." Behind the Holborn mace-bearer is Air Marshal Johnson; on the right are a number of Canadian airwomen

AIR-RAID DAMAGE AT THE TEMPLE CHURCH IS BEING REPAIRED: Workmen bolting the steel girder supports for the roto[nda] which weighs over 900 tons. When this is done, the stee[l] pillars will be removed for repair and, later, replaced. Men are now on reconstruction work at the Temple Church, which was heavily blitzed during the air raids on London. Gigantic steel girders, with concrete slabs 18 ins. thick for a base, have been built up to take the 900-ton weight of the upper part of the building from the badly-damaged clustered columns

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NEWS-ITEMS of INTEREST from LONDON and OTHER CENTRES

THE NEWLY-NAMED "CANADA WALK": It lies on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fiel[ds] It will now serve to commemorate the close ties between the Borough of Holb[orn] and the Royal Canadian Air Force

THE WELSH GUARDS AT THE PALACE—IN FORCE : Twenty-two non-commissioned officers and men who all received the Military Medal

tober 30 was "Welsh Guards Day" at Buckingham Palace. During the course of an Investiture d by the King, he decorated no fewer than twenty-two N.C.O.s and men of that famous iment. This picture was taken in the courtyard after each had received his medal. In the nt row, from left to right: Company Sergeant-Major Emrys Williams; Company Quarter-ster Sergeant William Mairs; Company Quarter-Master Sergeant Royden Roberts; Sergeant ver Abrams; Sergeant Kenneth Davis; Sergeant Stanley Gough; Sergeant Charles Hansford; Drill Sergeant Thomas John; Sergeant Elfred Morgan; Lance-Sergeant Murrell Chatwin; and Lance-Sergeant James McGran. In the back row are: Lance-Sergeant Leslie Webb; Lance-Sergeant Frederick Williams; Lance-Corporal Donald Burgess; Lance-Corporal Trevor Easter; Lance-Corporal Cecil Lawrie; Lance-Corporal Christopher Keogh; Guardsman Thomas Arnold; Guardsman Glyn Evans; Guardsman Hugh Jones; Guardsman Thomas Jones; and Guardsman Charles Stone

HE LAUNCH OF THE MOTOR-VESSEL "MEOTHYRIS" AT BELFAST : This ship is a tanker of 12,000 tons deadweight, with an overall length of about 483 ft. She was built at the Harland-Wolff Yards at Belfast for the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company. The new vessel is similar in type to the motor-tender *Newcombia*, completed in the same yards earlier this year. These vessels will soon be operating from British ports

VETERAN R.A.F. PATHFINDERS LEARN TO FLY AGAIN as part of the British plan for peacetime aviation : Veteran R.A.F. "Pathfinders," the most highly-skilled aviators in the world, are going back to school for seven hours a day to learn civil flying. Their school is run by British South American Airways, in classrooms above their offices in Grafton Street, London. The "Headmaster," Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, says that the organisation is ready to start a service to South America when the British Government gives permission. A tentative estimate puts the fare at £155, the lowest of any airline serving this route. Converted bombers would be used at first, giving a cruising speed of 235 m.p.h.—higher than any other airline—in armchair comfort. In the picture above, Flying Officer D. Sykes (on left) is receiving instruction in radio equipment from Flight-Lieut. E. J. Lyle, D.F.C. and Bar

MERICAN SOLDIERS AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY, whose expenses are being paid by their own Government : More than 150 U.S. soldiers are now at Oxford for the Michaelmas term. The United States Government has made it possible for them to partake in all the activities of the University without any expense. Ranging in rank from major to private, all the students have had at least two years' college training in the States, and many are already graduates of their own universities

U.S. SOLDIERS STUDY THE ART OF MUSIC AND DRAMA IN LONDON : About ninety American soldiers are on the Students' Roll of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, playing in mixed orchestras and stage productions with English students. They are studying both subjects from all angles whilst awaiting demobilisation. Here they are taking part in a lesson in make-up. Miss Leonard, the instructress, is making up Ely Dragoiu, of San Francisco, as Nelson. Also seen (from left to right) are Edward Martin, of New York; Joe Fieldman (seated), of New York; Robert Houser, of Hollywood; Hugh Bryan, of Knoxville, Tennessee (as Sir Francis Drake); Miss Mollie Sugden, an English student; and Colonel Dillenbeck, of Los Angeles

THE RULING PRINCES OF INDIA

The Men who Control One-half of India and Who are Now Building Up that Country in the Most Enlightened Manner

By CHARLES GRAVES

ARRIVING in New York to-day is Sardar Hardit Singh Malik, Prime Minister of Patiala, and head of the Indian States' Industrial Delegation, to investigate the situation on behalf of the hundreds of Ruling Princes of India.

H. S. Malik will be remembered as the Oxford Blue who played off plus two for the University in 1913, 1914 and 1919. He will also be remembered as the "Flying Sikh," when, during World War I, he fought in his turban with the R.F.C. and the R.A.F.

After a month in Great Britain, during which he contacted the leading industrialists everywhere, he still hopes that the necessary co-operation and support will be forthcoming in this country. If the British Government helps the Delegation, the bulk of the requirements of the Indian States will be supplied by us. But in view of the difficulties and the likely delay in deliveries, it is necessary for him to go to the United States to survey the situation. For the Indian States are anxious to go ahead with their industrial development as soon as possible and wish to buy as much as possible from Great Britain, owing to their long-term relationship both in respect of the past and the future. At the same time, they cannot wait too long for capital goods, and so the Delegation is investigating all sources of supply, not only in the United States but also in Canada. Later, they will visit Sweden and Switzerland.

Sardar H. S. Malik has made fruitful enquiries over here into the possibility of arranging for technical advisers to go to India in connection with the setting-up of industries there by collaboration with British industrialists. He has also made tentative enquiries for Indian craftsmen to be sent to Great Britain for technical training.

Among the actual goods included in his list of requirements are hydro-electric equipment, textile machinery, chemical machinery, food-product machinery (such as sugar refining), oil mills, pumps and agricultural machinery of all kinds. This mission was sent by the Ruling Princes because they felt that the matter was of such fundamental importance to their economies that it had to be handled by their own emissaries and not left to a general survey undertaken by British Indian interests.

For, anomalously enough, the Ruling Princes have no separate representative or organisation in Great Britain and have to rely either on the services of the Secretary of State for India at the India Office, or on the High Commissioner for India at India House. Among Sardar H. S. Malik's other tasks was that of studying the desirability of a permanent London representation for the Ruling Princes. Such a representative would have to be at a high level, having at least the standing of a State Prime Minister. He would further be the official head of a Trade Department dealing with purchases on a large scale. Under him, too, would be an imposing Public Relations Department which, among other duties, would deal with future visits of Ruling Princes to the capital of the Empire. For this it would be necessary to acquire a building in the West End, to be known as the House of Princes, where routine business could be carried out, and entertaining could be conducted on a dignified scale.

But who are the Ruling Princes? The general public knows about Gandhi; it knows about the Viceroy; it has heard of Hindus, Muslims and Untouchables. It recalls that the Maharajah of Rajpipla won the Derby with Windsor Lad, and that, more recently, the Gaekwar of Baroda bought a yearling for 28,000 guineas. It is safe to say, however, that most people have no idea of the numbers or importance of the Ruling Princes.

Actually, there are 562 of them, ranging from the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose territory is larger than England, Scotland and Wales put together, down to Rajahs whose territory is barely three square miles. All told, the area controlled by the Ruling Princes is one-half of India, and the number of their subjects is one-third of the total population. Of the 562 States, however, not more than twenty are really sizeable. The four biggest are Hyderabad, Mysore, Kashmir and Baroda. The second group includes Travancore, Cochin, Indore, Alwar, Jaipur, Bhopal (the Nawab of Bhopal is Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes), Patiala, Bikanir and Nawanagar. All-important States have their own individual treaties with the British Raj, some being over 200 years old. These vary in many ways—the right of the Ruling Prince to levy taxes, the question of permission to have a standing army, relations with foreign Governments, and the imposing of tariffs. The big States have a complete system of administration, including a system of law based on English procedure. Legal proceedings begin in the Magistrate's Court, proceed to the High Court and, if necessary, up to the Privy Council and thence to the Ruling Prince of the State himself.

Every Ruling Prince in the two groups of States mentioned above can order the death penalty without any reference to Delhi. They also have their own standing armies. Troops of the Ruling Princes won ten Victoria Crosses in the present war, and certain State units have behaved in exemplary fashion against the King's enemies. The Patiala Infantry, for example, distinguished itself against the Japanese, particularly at Kohima, and the commander was given the rare distinction of being made a brigadier in the British Indian Army. Each of the Ruling Princes with a State army loaned his troops to us and bore a considerable portion of their cost when they went off to fight. In the case of Patiala, the Budget had to be increased 500 per cent. as a result of this generous gesture.

The Chamber of Princes, which includes all except the rulers of Hyderabad, Baroda, Mysore and Kashmir, meets at least once a year in the Council Chamber at New Delhi to discuss matters of mutual interest, relations with the Government, fiscal and economic problems and their position in the future Constitution. Lord Wavell, as Viceroy of India, is President.

During the rest of the year, all dealings between the Ruling Princes and Delhi are conducted through the Residents—political officers representing the Viceroy. There is not, of course, one Resident per Ruling Prince, but each State lies within the area of one of them. The Resident, as the representative of the Viceroy, has a very great influence and reports periodically on such matters as health, administration, prosperity and future commercial developments. It is as a result of the advice of these Residents that the Crown may interfere with the internal administration if the situation is sufficiently critical. The Crown can, indeed, go so far as to depose the ruler, but this power is very seldom exercised. In fact, the deposition of the Maharajahs of Alwar and Indore are the only notable cases since the beginning of the century.

Depositions in future are likely to become more and more rare, for most of the rulers have changed their outlook on life. Once upon a time they were more concerned with their prestige, their position and their luxuries—such as elephants and jewels—than with anything else. To-day the tendency is for them to take their responsibilities to the people more and more seriously. For that purpose they are engaging the best men available as their Prime Ministers to raise the standard of living and administration and to develop industry in their domains.

In this the Maharajah of Mysore was the pioneer. He succeeded some time ago in raising the standard of literacy and general education in his State to a higher level than that in British India. He has also developed the indigenous industries, such as silk-weaving, and has introduced Western industries as well. Indeed, his hydro-electric works are among the best in the whole of India. The Maharajah of Travancore is another particularly enlightened Prince.

This development has been speeded up as a result of World War II, when it became necessary to arrange for more and more manufacturing. Machine tools were imported, mostly for ordnance work, but now they will soon be converted to the manufacture of consumer goods such as motor-car parts, refrigerators, electric fans, irons and the like.

This development is made all the more easy because the rulers still have a personal link with their people and therefore can carry out reforms much more easily than is possible elsewhere. Each is still regarded as the father of his people. On one occasion, quite recently, the Maharajah of Patiala sat down among 50,000 of his subjects to listen to certain local complaints in a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade. The Maharajah is, in every way, one of the most outstanding of the younger rulers, being 6 ft. 4 ins. and an International cricketer (he plays for India, and has a penchant for sixes), while his lawn-tennis is good enough for him to play, at least in the doubles, at Wimbledon. He is also the second-best exponent of roller-skate hockey in India. Patiala has pioneered this sport, which Sardar H. S. Malik tells me is very nearly as fast as ice-hockey itself. The Maharajah is seriously contemplating a visit to England next year, bringing with him his own hockey team, and possibly, too, his own cricket team, which would be at least a match for most of the English county teams, if not for the English Test team.

With regard to their position *vis-à-vis* the British Raj and the Indian Home Rule movement, the Ruling Princes are very sensitive on the subject of the accusations levelled against them by Nationalist India, not to mention by the Americans. These are to the effect that they, the Ruling Princes, are being used by the British Government to prevent the spread of the Home Rule movement in India. In fact, they object very strongly to these accusations of being retrograde, and have made a combined declaration that not only do they desire Dominion status, but that they are taking still further steps to associate their people with the administration in their States, thus giving them a still more representative government. The Ruling Princes, however, definitely want India, while enjoying Dominion status, to remain in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

In the meantime, they are becoming less and less feudalistic. If any further proof is needed of their progressive outlook on life, it may be revealed that a leading British shipbuilding firm was recently contacted by the representative of the Princes with a view to their co-operation in a scheme to enable the Indian States to build their own Merchant Marine.

SARDAR HARDIT SINGH MALIK, C.I.E., O.B.E., Prime Minister of Patiala

IN JUNE 1938, SARDAR HARDIT SINGH MALIK WAS JUST LEAVING FOR THE UNITED STATES on a similar mission to his present one: He had then just been appointed Trade Commissioner for India in the U.S.: as he then left Waterloo on the boat train for the *Queen Mary* this picture of him, with his little son, Mala, was taken. To-day, Sardar Hardit Singh Malik is Prime Minister of Patiala, and he is again on his way to New York as head of the Indian States' Industrial Delegation on behalf of the Ruling Princes of India. He will be remembered in Britain as a great golfer, playing for Oxford in 1913, 1914 and 1919. He was also the first Indian to hold a commission in the R.F.C. during the 1914-1918 war, and was credited with shooting down six German machines

THE PLANE WITHOUT A PILOT

Controlled by Radio from Take-off to Landing by a "Master" Plane

1—THE PILOTLESS PLANE DRAWN UP ON THE AERODROME READY FOR ITS TAKE-OFF RUN: All its subsequent operations are controlled by means of the "box" installed in the "master" plane, the mechanical details of which are shown in the picture on the right

2—BOTH PLANES ARE NOW IN MID-AIR: Through the window of the "master" may be seen the single-seater, radio-controlled aircraft; in the foreground is a view of the "box" which controls its conduct during the flight

3—THE PILOTLESS PLANE AS SEEN FROM THE PARENT AIRCRAFT: It is controlled from start to finish by radio, by means of a simple "box" in the "master." Cruising speed is 160 miles per hour, and its lack of crew permits of longer radius of action or greater freight-load

4—AT THE END OF THE EXPERIMENTAL FLIGHT, THE PILOTLESS PLANE COMES TO GRIEF WHEN LANDING ON THE RUNWAY: It was caught by a cross-wind on Patterson Airfield and, despite the tricycle undercarriage, it nosed over, with the result that propeller and landing-gear were damaged. The "master" plane is seen on the left, also coming in to land

5—THE MAN WHO CONTROLLED THE PLANE, and the equipment with which the experiments were made: The radio controls inside the Dakota aircraft being demonstrated by Captain R. D. Stanfield

Five of the pictures given on this page show the progress of an experiment in radio remote-control recently carried out in the United States. The pilotless plane was the P.Q.14, developed during the war, whose existence had hitherto been kept a close secret: the parent aircraft was a Dakota transport, specially equipped for the purpose. In its first "public" cross-country flight, the P.Q.14 flew from Columbus to Dayton (where the American Army Air Force are holding a Fair on Wright Field). Take-off and flight were both successful. On coming in to land at Patterson Field, however, the plane was caught in a cross-wind: as a result, it nosed over on the touchtdown and damaged landing-gear and propeller: the radio equipment was undamaged

ANOTHER RADIO-CONTROLLED DEVICE—the high-angle radio bomb: This is a new type of bombing missile shown by the U.S. Army's Air Technical Service Command at the "A.A.F. Fair" at Wright Field. It is a high-angle radio- and television-controlled bomb which "can be guided to the target with infallible accuracy"

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE MODERN CHILD.—"SIR, Having returned to 'Civvy Street' after nearly six years, I find modern children vulgar, noisy, impudent in the highest degree, and intensely destructive. The most surprising thing about them is that, when spoken to, they either reply with abuse or appear so amazed that they almost burst into tears. I have discussed this matter with several people who have been at home throughout the war, but no one can give a really satisfactory reason. It was my own view that the exigencies of the war and separation of parents and children had much to do with it. But I am informed that this is not necessarily so, for often the parents who are most concerned about their children's behaviour have the worst children, whereas children coming from homes where one or both parents are absent most of the time may be the best-behaved. It would appear *prima facie* that the unduly kind, not to say 'sloppy,' attitude of the officials in the Children's Courts, which has its repercussions in the attitude of the police to child delinquency, no less than in that of the schools, is mainly responsible. A hard-working woman has told me she has frequently known children come away from a Court in a spirit of amused contempt. I have noticed, too, that in the Forces the same irresponsible behaviour is common among recently-joined youngsters, who are shocked by a sharp reprimand following disorderly or insubordinate behaviour.

Yours, etc.,
EX-N.C.O., R.A.F."

The above letter, which appeared recently in a famous "daily," is, of course, but one side of a many-sided problem; it is but the hasty judgment of one man.

It is, indeed, a "glorious generalisation" based on totally insufficient evidence. At the best it is a deduction made after two or perhaps three "tests" out of a range of hundreds of thousands of experiments which would be necessary before a right judgment could be reached. With better luck, this same man might have argued the exact contrary—if his first meetings with children in his own "Civvy Street" had fallen out more happily. For in that same street which houses little ruffians and bears, are charming, polite and sober little citizens who are a credit to their parents, homes, towns and country.

THEIR MAJESTIES ATTEND THE WEDDING OF THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY AND MISS DIANA LEGH: A picture taken at Windsor Castle. The King and Queen, and Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, were among the guests who attended the wedding of the Earl of Kimberley, and Miss Diana Evelyn Legh, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Sir Piers and Lady Legh, of Henry VIII Gateway, Windsor Castle. The ceremony was performed by the Dean of Windsor, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The King gave the use of two State drawing-rooms at Windsor Castle for the wedding reception. Only once before have the rooms been lent in this way. From left to right are seen: the Dowager Countess of Kimberley, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, H.M. the King, the bride, the bridesmaid, the Hon. Caroline Grenfell; bridegroom; H.M. the Queen; Mr. A. N. Breitmeyer, best man; H.R.H. Princess Margaret, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Sir Piers Legh and Lady Legh

Juvenile Courts.—But years of experience on the Bench have long since convinced me that Solomon is not totally discredited and that our reactions to "humanity" in the matter of child delinquency, like most of our conversions, went too far at one time. I used, in the first years of that reaction, to sit on the new type Juvenile Panel, and I found it first interesting, then ridiculous and finally revolting to observe the effect on the young delinquents of the "new order" of Children's Courts.

Such panoply of the Law as can exist in a Petty Sessional Court was carefully removed. The magistrates "sat" more than usually informal. The lady magistrate cooed as the little darling who had set fire to the hayrick, cheekily and cheerfully admitted his crime. The police, clumsily disguised in unaccustomed mufti, played the big, benevolent brother, and the infant in the dock stood, delighting in his limelight, in the well of the informalised Court, flanked and supported by his parents, who had coached him thoroughly in his line of defence and watched jealously for any hint of severity in the proceedings.

And at the end of it all, at the worst of it all, a fatherly or motherly probation officer gave a gentle promise to act as big sister or big brother to little Sally or to Tommy, who left the Court without a stain on his character, or a red mark on his bottom, a hero of the day to his contemporary imps, a very contemptuous debunker of the power and majesty of the law.

What a problem it is to find the happy medium in all problems! Every living person must think with horror of the bad old days when poachers were transported and infants turned into hardened criminals by early association with gaol-birds! How blind and harsh and wrong we were! How natural to fly to the other extreme. And yet realism is not less necessary to-day. Science and enlightenment discover that crime is a disease brought on by social evils, by the relaxation of control due to war, by overcrowding and bad housing, and, as a disease, must be sympathetically treated. But Science and Enlightenment cannot blind their eyes to the fact that all small children are impressionable as wax and can be quickly debauched *en masse* (as in the case of the youth of Germany) or easily led astray by neglect of home and school discipline, by subversive films, unhealthy reading and bad companions in the freedom of mean streets.

In the war years I have known the schoolchildren of an entire South of England village debauched by the accident of a semi-medical treatise getting into their hands. I have had the sad experience of seeing a score of little girls of fourteen years old who have behaved as Messalinas; and I have known of country districts in "peaceful" England under a minor reign of terror from the thefts and wholesale destruction of private and public property by lawless boys. And nothing has stopped these waves of juvenile outlawry but a sudden descent by the police in uniform and a very solemn and severe checking-up on the suspected ringleaders in the homes of their parents. The Majesty of the Law is by no means to be neglected as a useful deterrent among the impressionable young, and no humanitarian argument that it must be so set aside in Juvenile Courts should ever have prevailed. On the contrary, the Majesty of the Law should be stepped up and intensified for those very Courts, in which alone the bluff is likely to succeed.

Youth and Eld.—I am neither pessimist nor *laudator temporis acti* in respect of the rising generation. I see welcome signs of progress, notably in the disappearance of the oaf. A sombre picture in the memory of my youth is of that common sight on Sunday mornings in old days when the boys of the village in their stiff Sunday suits congregated on the bridge or green to spit and guffaw, throw stones and do anything in a skirt. It was a picture of oafishness as irritating as it was depressing—just crass and hopeless chaw-bacon. Spirit and initiative have indeed come into village life since those days, and that spirit and initiative need to be fostered, guided, controlled, directed into right channels and fruitful fields; but certainly not extinguished or diluted. And the truth of that is proved in every village. For every little thug or rascal, there is a counterpart in a lively, busy, decent and intelligent little citizen in embryo, who gladdens the heart of middle-aged men who can recall that apparently universal oafishness and futility and frustration of village life in the Edwardian transition period between the age of privilege and of the stirring of a truer democracy.

Stevenson knew what he was talking about when he wrote of crabbed age and youth, of boys and girls; but the odd thing to my mind in the modern theories of juvenile delinquency and its treatment is the idea that late middle age and old age are too "crabbed" to deal sympathetically with children. No one over forty, they say, should sit on a juvenile panel. In my submission, the boot is on the other leg. I regard Stevenson as an exception. Time and again I have found more sympathetic understanding of youth, more mercy and tolerance for its follies, in men and women of sixty than in young married women and forty-year-old men. The natural rivalry between youth and eld is at its keenest in men just conscious that youth is passing from them. In men and women of sixty and upward that jealousy has mellowed down to sympathy and toleration. All sense of rivalry has gone, some of the qualities of the child's heart have returned to the old, to simplify and calm the last decades of life; and to all men who have gained something from the experience of living, through effort, through failure, through disappointment and through success, pity for all humanity grows and broadens in their hearts and minds to gentle their judgment of human frailty and to restrain their righteous indignation when confronted with misdemeanour or folly, whether in young or old. That crime is a disease which must be taken early for treatment, if it is to be cured, is a proposition to which we most of us subscribe to-day. The treatment must be sympathetic. But that does not mean that it should be half-hearted. A drastic treatment may well be essential.

It is time to think again upon this vitally important subject of juvenile delinquency, for all reactions go too far, and those go farthest which swing from the crassest neglect. A student of social history who read all the literature which in the last decade has poured out from Home Office and humanitarian theorists in the form of guidance to magistrates on this subject, might well shed a tear over the tragi-comedy of the human drama, with its long-drawn-out neglect of duty and short-lived repentance. Man is so certain that "it will be all right *this* time," that he is on the right lines at last.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

ZOO IN SILESIA (Embassy).—A play about British P.O.W.s in Germany was inevitable sooner or later. It has come rather sooner than I expected—if, indeed, this is a play at all. That it is an exact picture of what happens when you get about twenty prisoners together in a hut can be taken for granted, since the author and some of the actors had really undergone that experience, which here includes no horrors except that of boredom and of being shut up for a long period with a set of people who must inevitably get on one's nerves. This is shown with some skill and all the acting is first-rate, particularly that of Mr. Hugh Williams as a nasty fellow who had somehow got himself appointed "boss" and sold stolen goods to the others at a profit. But talk, however authentic, does not make a play, and little happens here except talk, revealing clever character-studies. Rather disappointing.

The Forrigan Reel (Sadler's Wells).—Mr. James Bridie, with his many fine plays, has set such a high standard for himself that he may be forgiven for sometimes falling below it. This eighteenth-century piece of verra, verra Scottish quaintness is, I venture to think, considerably below it. Here we have Caledonia rather too wild in the matter of fantasy. The story is of an extraordinary youth, in a comic wig, who dances to the musical accompaniment of his father, in a still more comic wig, "outside a Highland Bothy, Speyside." His antics in some supernatural fashion cure people of their ills, including a Scotswoman who thinks she is a clock, and the daughter of a Yorkshire squire who has depression mania. There are some good moments and good acting, too, by players with such names as Macintosh, Macrae, Urquhart and Wallace. And the music, by Cedric Thorpe Davie, is most pleasing, with some bonnie wee tunes in it. And, of course, some pipe music, too, by Pipe-Major Alan Cameron.

Follow the Girls (His Majesty's).—Another Jack Hylton musical on familiar lines. It is noisy, very funny in many spots, lavish, full of pretty girls, with Miss Evelyn Dall a delicious leading lady. She is supposed to be a strip-tease dancer with whom several British sailors visiting an American naval base fall madly in love. Nothing surprising about that. Mr. Arthur Askey is at the top of his form, winning great laughter and applause throughout. Miss Wendy Toye's exquisite ballet-dancing, almost the only feature not slap-dash farce, proved equally popular.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MIGHTY FLEET ANCHORED IN THE HUDSON RIVER FOR THE NAVY DAY CELEBRATIONS: They stretched for a distance of seven miles. Beyond lie the skyscrapers of New York, and in the sky are the trails of naval aircraft which flew over the fleet in perfect formation

THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE 45,000-TON AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT," which was commissioned by President Truman before the Naval Review: It was packed with Service and civilian spectators in the Brooklyn Navy Yard on October 27

THE PRELUDE TO THE REVIEW: Warships in the Hudson River. From left foreground to the rear are the "Augusta," "Midway," "Enterprise," "Missouri," "New York," "Helena" and "Macon"

A CONTINGENT OF NAVAL CADETS FROM COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY are showered with paper as they march up Broadway in a parade marking the 170th anniversary of the U.S. Navy, on America's Navy Day

NAVY DAY in NEW YORK

The Greatest Array of Warships Ever Witnessed in the U.S.

"Navy Day" was celebrated throughout the United States on October 27—but nowhere so impressively as in New York, where President Truman held a review of the greatest fleet of warships ever to be assembled in an American port. Fifty-seven warships were anchored over a distance of seven miles: included were the battleships *Missouri* and *New York*; four aircraft-carriers; five cruisers; ten submarines; and a great concourse of transports, destroyers, destroyer-escorts, submarine tenders and submarine chasers

PRESIDENT TRUMAN GREETS MRS. ROOSEVELT at the New York Navy Yard at Brooklyn: Mrs. Truman is seen in the centre

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NOVELS, REPORTAGE AND LYRICS

A Thing of Beauty Not Always a Joy; John Steinbeck's Vagabonds; A Brilliant Story of the Italian Campaign; A Detective with a Difference; Songs and Lyrics from the English Playbooks

ONE of the most difficult things to sustain in a novel and, for obvious reasons, even more difficult in a play, is the premise that your heroine is endowed with supernaturally good looks. It has been done, of course, and most successfully, as in "Elizabeth's" *Introduction to Sally*, where the author, with great wit, proved that an amazingly pretty girl may also be a good-hearted one and still not a bore. **THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BURROUGHES** (Faber. 9s. 6d.) sets out to prove a different premise: that beauty, even when it is combined with a sweet temperament, is not enough to ensure happiness, and, by corollary, that sterling worth, even unattractively housed, will bring lasting content.

THE WEDDING OF PAMELA FRANKAU to Lieut. Marshall Dill, Jnr., U.S.N.R., of San Francisco, California: A picture taken at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, on October 30. The bride, who is a Senior Commander in the A.T.S., and the daughter of Mr. Gilbert Frankau, is herself a well-known novelist and wrote her first book when she was seventeen. She is wearing a striking head-dress consisting of a floral posy decorated with a spotted veil

Now, in all this, the first, last and at all times the chief point to be demonstrated is the actual physical beauty of the main character. Unless that is established incontestably in the beginning and kept, as it were, *au premier plan* in the reader's mind all the way through the story, the plot must fail.

This, I submit, Miss Anne Meredith has failed to do. Hers is a novel of situation far more than of character, and indeed her characters are almost naïvely stiff and consistent, rather like figures in a Douanier Rousseau landscape. Her story moves along at a reasonable rate, and develops according to plan, but the lay figures are hard put to it to keep up with events.

It is, however, a generously told story, rich in incident, in time and in people, and not even the most voracious reader can complain of paucity in this tale of a dancer's daughter who marries an earl, but finds happiness with an artist-cum-restaurant-keeper in Hammersmith. The prologue and epilogue are in our own day, but the main action of the book is in the '80's and '90's.

After the grim realism of *The Grapes of Wrath*, it is pleasant to find Mr. John Steinbeck, in his new book, back in the mood of *Tortilla Flat* and *Of Mice and Men*. **CANNERY ROW** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a long sketch rather than a novel. It has no hero or heroine, unless it be the Doc, a scientist in charge of collecting specimens for Western Biological. What plot there is concerns a bunch of vagabonds such as John Steinbeck dearly loves.

Mack and the boys, as this group is called, live in an old shed known as the Palace Flophouse and Grill. This name shows genius, and it also sets the tone for the whole book, which is full of charming and ludicrous things, as well as poignant touches. The story, in so far as there is one, goes like this. In Cannery Row (named after the sardine trade, of which we see very little apart from a permanent background of fish-heads) live four main groups. There are Mack and the boys, down-and-outs of a philosophical turn, who live at the Palace Flophouse. There are Dora and her girls, who are no better than they should be. There is Lee Chang and his family, who keep the shop which sells everything and gives credit to everyone. And there is Doc, the scientist who loves humanity.

Doc is always nice to people, and everyone feels that he would like to do something nice for Doc. Mack and the boys decide to give him a party—to raise money for the party they will do him another good turn—collect and sell to him innumerable frogs. After much borrowing, the expedition sets off, and falls in with all sorts of absurd adventures on the way to the frogs. Their capture is a delightfully written scene. The frogs are brought back to Cannery Row and traded to Lee Chang for everything that the boys need, both for Doc's party and for themselves.

The party turns out to be a terrible fiasco, and all over before Doc gets home. He arrives to find all his most precious things smashed, his place in chaos. It takes the boys a long time to recover from the shame of their bad behaviour, but presently they know that they are forgiven, and they give another party. This time the damage is much less, and the affair is a great success. It ends with Doc reading to them all—all the inhabitants of Cannery Row, except for those of Dora's girls, who have to be on duty—a beautiful, sad poem translated from the Sanskrit.

The story is told in charming snippets, and among them are other sketches—some of nameless characters, some of sad people, such as the boy Frankie, who cannot quite co-ordinate his movements. And sometimes, as in *The Grapes of Wrath*, there is a short chapter of philosophical reflection.

I read *Cannery Row* with the greatest pleasure and much laughter.

Mr. Alan Moorehead has chosen for the title of his new book the code name for the final great campaign of the war in Europe, which ended on Luneburg Heath this summer. **ECLIPSE** (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), which ends with that historic scene, begins, as did the campaign, with the invasion of Italy, and brilliantly demonstrates two qualities in the fighting man and his leader. The first, an extraordinary, a truly stubborn degree of physical endurance, always a little beyond what could be logically expected. And the second, a power of vision allied with a finely evolved, strategic power that has never been excelled.

War correspondents, admirable as they have been in the past six years, have sometimes done their profession an injury by writing quite as much as they have. Their despatches from the front line, even when collected and published in book form, did not always satisfy them. Rigorously, and sometimes painfully, they set themselves to recollect their emotions in something less than tranquillity. The results were not always happy, and certainly never poetry. Mr. Moorehead, on the other hand, does not err in this way. If he has set himself the task of interpreting a campaign, he has done it with distinction. There is no re-hashing here, no post-date wisdom, and, blessedly, very little personalia. Field-Marshal Montgomery does emerge from the mapping and planning as a very distinct, an almost legendary figure, but that is right and inevitable.

MR. ALAN MOOREHEAD, the "Daily Express" war correspondent, whose new book, "Eclipse," dealing extensively with the Italian campaign, is reviewed in the accompanying article

INDICTED AS A COLLABORATIONIST: Lida Baarova, Czechoslovakian screen-star, regarded as one of Europe's most beautiful women, who was the centre of a scandal in Nazi high life back in 1938, now faces an indictment by the Prague People's Court on charges of co-operating with the Nazis. The indictment alleges that she was a friend of Herman Frank, the "Protectorate Minister." The American authorities arrested her in Munich on September 22. In 1938 Dr. Goebbels was beaten up by her husband, Gustav Froelich, and Goebbels' wife threatened to institute divorce proceedings, naming Lida Baarova. Only Hitler's intervention prevented the disruption of the Goebbels home. Lida was exiled to Prague from Berlin and Froelich was thrown into a concentration camp

Apart from an odd preoccupation with the courtesy title of "Honourable," which he bandies about like a dull, if noble, red herring, Mr. E. R. Punshon has written one of the best of his detective stories in **THERE'S A REASON FOR EVERYTHING** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). It is one of the Bobby Owen series, which the enlightened will take to mean that it prominently features the activities of a young man, himself of reasonably illustrious birth, who is a detective with a difference. The difference being that he is in the regular police force, and not the more conventional gifted amateur.

Mr. Punshon writes about the police force, as a matter of fact, in the most agreeably unaffected and, as far as an outsider can tell, accurate way. His police sergeants are not necessarily dim-witted; some of them even have small feet, and all of them have characters distinguishable one from the other.

My own test for a really good murder mystery is that I should enjoy reading the book through once, carefully making mental notes of possibilities and suspects (detected, I flatter myself, only by my eye and the author's), and then read it through quickly again, with the solution in mind, to check up on the author's construction and the validity of the tricks he has used. Sometimes even the most famous authors cheat.

Mr. Punshon, I go on record as proclaiming, never cheats. He happens to be a very good writer.

Dr. Frederick Boas has made a scholarly and comprehensive collection of **SONGS AND LYRICS FROM THE ENGLISH PLAYBOOKS** (Cresset Press. 15s.), a volume of such delights that at a first reading one is inclined to underrate its value as a record, and only enjoy re-reading one's favourites and making fresh discoveries. For here is Milton with

> Seal up her eyes, O sleep, but flow
> Mild as her manners, to and fro . . .

and his less familiar lines,

> Among all sorts of people,
> The matter if we look well to,
> The fool is the best, he from the rest
> Will carry away the bell too.

Browning is here, and Swinburne, and the Restoration poets and playwrights, and the greatest song-writer of them all with thirty-three lyrics, including that lovely song, to Silvia, which not even the most over-ambitious drawing-room performer will ever be able to destroy.

The book is charmingly produced and has decorations by Mr. Hans Tisdall.

I regret that in reviewing that excellent novel **THE MAYFAIR SQUATTERS**, recently published by Heinemann, the author's name was wrongly reported throughout, and I tender my apologies to Miss Ann Mary Fielding, whose work it is.

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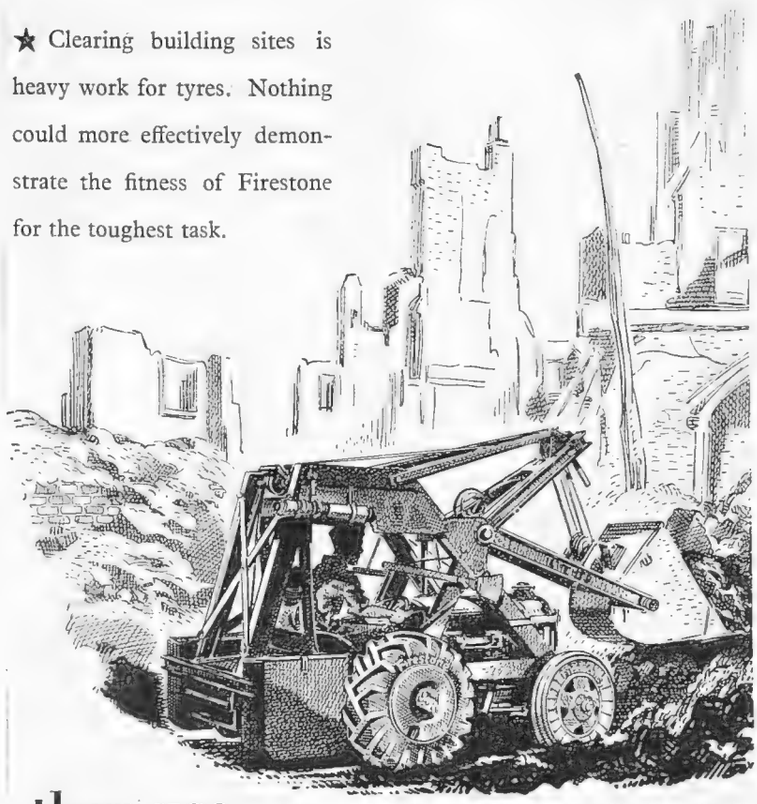

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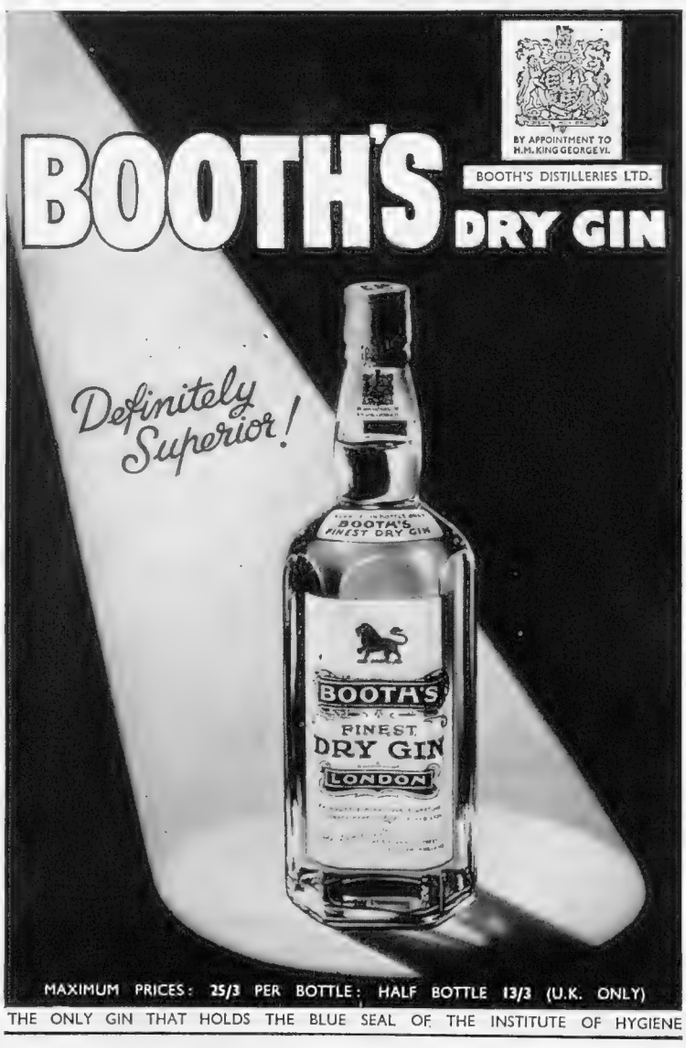

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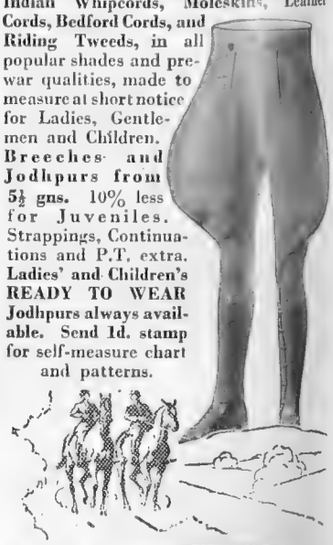

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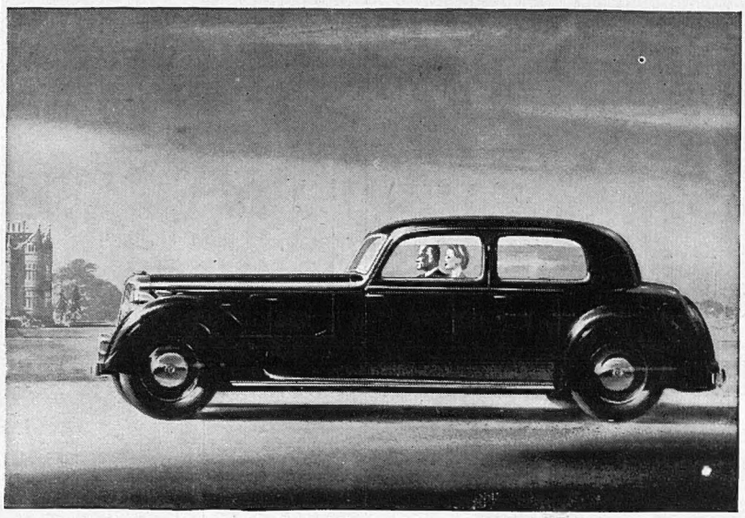

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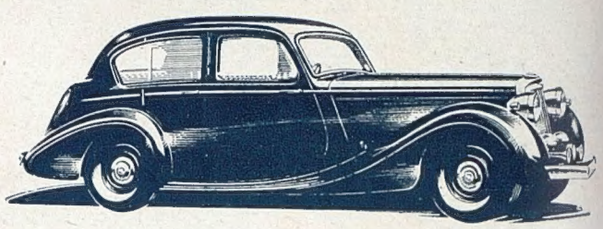

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